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THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS. DECEMBER, 1906  
VOL. X, NO. 120

# THE THEATRE







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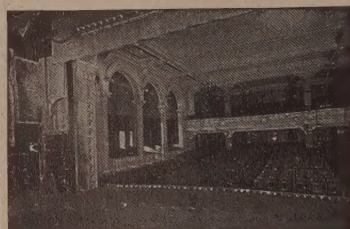


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## Opening of the New Theatre

On Saturday, November 6, two days previous to the public opening of the New Theatre, the splendid \$2,000,000 playhouse at Sixty-second street and Central Park West, was thrown open for the inspection of invited guests. In the afternoon there were dedicatory exercises, and in the evening a final dress rehearsal, which was witnessed by the most brilliant audience that has ever been seen in an American theatre. Among the more distinguished of the guests were Governor Hughes and Colonel Treadwell, his military secretary; Senator Elihu Root, Mayor McClellan, Joseph J. H. Choate, former ambassador to Great Britain; William Archer, the well-known English critic; Thomas A. Edison, Gen. Horace Porter, former ambassador to France; William D. Howells, Chancellor Mitchell MacCracken of New York University; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University; Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University; Dr. John H. Finley, President of the College of the City of New York.

Otto M. Eidlitz, builder of the theatre, began the proceedings by presenting to Thomas Hastings, of Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, the architects, the silver keys of the theatre. He said:

"In April, 1908, I was commissioned by you as architects with the erection of this theatre. It is now completed. I therefore deliver to you the keys."

In reply Mr. Hastings said:

"In accepting these keys from you, Mr. Eidlitz, we must express our profound appreciation, not only of your services as builder but of those rarer qualities of administration, executive ability and energy which have contributed to the success of this undertaking."

Turning to J. Pierpont Morgan, he continued:

"To you, Mr. Morgan, representing the founders of the New Theatre, we deliver these keys and declare that it is well and truly built."

Mr. Morgan, in accepting the keys, replied:

"In receiving these keys I wish to thank you in behalf of the founders for the beauty with which you have endowed this edifice, and for the care you have shown in its building and erection. Let me further acknowledge our indebtedness to those who have assisted you in the work—to you, Mr. Ingalls, faithful administrator; to Mr. Brainard, able engineer; to Mr. Hagen, ingenious in stage construction—to name only a few of those without whose faithful and expert endeavor the work could not have been brought to its successful completion. By the authority vested in me by the founders, I hereby declare the New Theatre open. I dedicate it to the services of the drama and the citizens of New York."

Mr. Morgan's address was followed by the singing of the choral ode, written by Percy Mackaye, and rendered by the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Then Mr. Morgan introduced Governor Hughes, who said:

"It marks, in my judgment, an important step in the progress of this city, which we so much love. We are gathered here to-day, not simply because a new theatre has been provided, not simply because of its rare beauty and perfect adaptation; not simply because of the skill and fidelity of the workmen who have made it possible, not simply because of the distinction of those associated with this enterprise, but chiefly because of the fine purpose which has animated the men who have founded this institution.

"This is not a dramatic club. It is not intended to be for the entertainment of the few. Its purpose is not to provide exclusive privileges. This should be regarded as the people's theatre, making an appeal to the intelligent public; and it should be generously supported by the public. We cannot conceive of a state of society in which the dramatic instinct of our nature should not have play. It is impossible to view otherwise than with solicitude a careless and indifferent attitude on the part of the intelligent members of the community toward dramatic representation.

"In aristocratic communities the great importance of having adequate opportunity for the development of the fine arts and for the encouragement of the drama has been abundantly recognized; but that development and that encouragement are far more necessary in democratic America than in any aristocratic community. We want to have prosperity and wide diffusion of prosperity; but in order that prosperity and material gain shall not prove a curse instead of a blessing, we must do all we can to promote the refining influences of life—proper means of recreation, wholesome enjoyment, the cultivation of those capacities for delight and pleasure, which alone make the gains of prosperity a blessing to the human soul.

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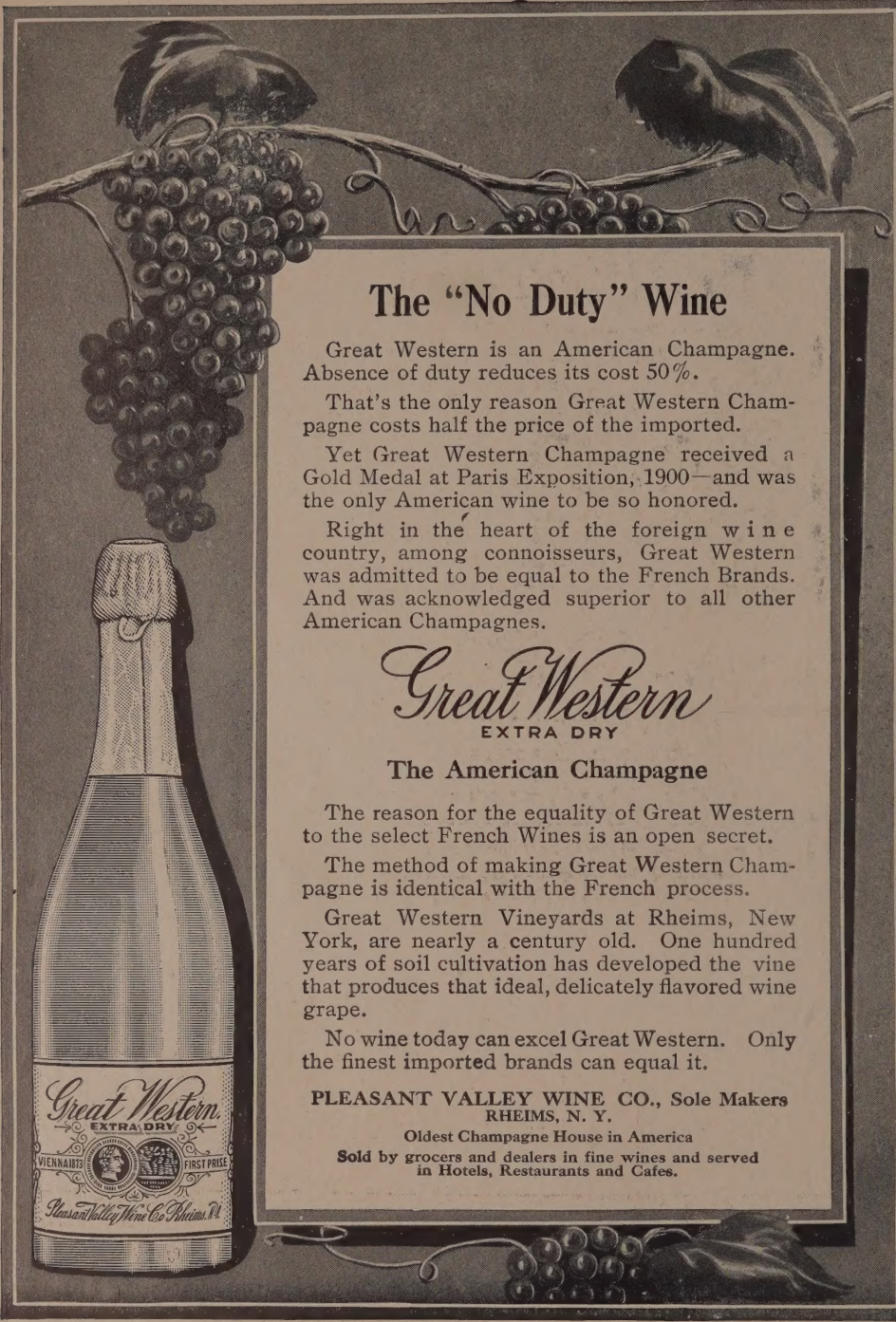
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dustrious, getting a fair reward for honest labor, and then having in our great community a chance to have the best that stage and museum and academy can afford. If we are to accomplish that purpose, the promotion of the fine arts, the encouragement of the dramatic art cannot be left simply to the incentive of cupidity. This establishment, I undertake to say, would not properly be conceived of as a protest; it is not here to protest, to oppose; it is in no sense taking an attitude of antagonism. It is like any good thing. It will prosper on its merits, and its influence will permeate the community in a wholesome manner without any express didactic effort.

"The stage has always been a great instructor, but it has succeeded best when its instruction has not been explicit, but implicit. No trouble with the view of art that it reflects life, if it only deals, not with a museum of abnormality, but reflects those wholesome currents of life in life as a whole in which, thank Heaven, goodness ever predominates and progress is ever sure.

"So we welcome this institution to-day, because by the foundation that has here been provided by men of means there will be an opportunity for the drama which might not be afforded if the field were left solely to be occupied by those who were impelled purely by commercial consideration; and we are content to believe that with actors well trained, with companies well provided, with excellent management, and the representation of the drama according to its best traditions, a sure appeal will be made to the intelligence of the City of New York, and this may be regarded as a benefaction worthily described in the words of Mr. Morgan as dedicated to the drama and to the citizens of New York."

The Governor was followed by Senator Root and other speakers.

#### Going on the Stage

Arthur Byron gives the following account of his first experience on the stage:

"My going on the stage was the natural outcome of having been born and raised in a theatrical atmosphere. My very first recollections were those of the theatre, and, in fact, I might say the first words I ever spoke were those concerning plays. My father, Oliver Doud Byron, and my aunt, Miss Ada Rehan, often made me the subject of their conversation, and discussed my opportunities for succeeding in the profession. The first chance I had of playing a speaking part was in my father's company, "Across the Continent," at the old Academy of Music in Jersey City in 1890. When preparations were being made to begin rehearsals for this season, I importuned my father to give me my chance to follow in his footsteps, and when he agreed to give me a part, I was as happy as any boy could be. During the rehearsals I especially distinguished myself by attention to the instructions of the stage manager, and my excitement was so great that I couldn't wait for the opening night.

"The first scene I had was where I had to fly into a rage and take off my hat and throw it down vehemently on the floor, and this situation came very near being my undoing. The hat happened to be a soft one, and in my excitement I took such a firm grip on it that the wig I wore came off at the same time, and I threw them both down on the stage, ruining the scene. The audience roared, and so did the actors who were on the stage with me at the time. I didn't care about the audience, but I did object to the kidding the actors gave me *sotto voce*, and I laid them out verbally. I came off the stage in a towering rage, and what made me feel worse than anything else was when my father said: 'Arthur, you will never be an actor,' and I answered: 'I won't, will I? Well, then, I'll show you.'"

#### Victor Talking Machine

Chief interest in the Victor records of the month has centered in the splendid output of new Caruso records. There are no fewer than three new selections and four numbers already catalogued. The new records are particularly interesting and valuable, seeing that they were made by the world's greatest tenor immediately on his arrival from Europe recently, and at a moment when his glorious voice was in the full vigor of completed restoration. New selections are *Air de la fleur* from "Carmen" in French; *Magische Note* from "Regina di Saba" in Italian; *Oh, tu che segno agl' angeli* (Forza del Destino) in Italian; and the two songs *Pour un baiser* by Costi in French; *Neapolitan Song* from *Mamma mia che vo sape* by Nutille. The new records of numbers not catalogued are *Strange Harmony* (Recondita armonia) from "Tosca" in Italian by Puccini; *The Stars were Shining* (E. lucevan le stelle) from "Tosca" by Puccini; *Flower Song* (Il fior che evedi a me) from "Carmen"; *Fairer than the Lily* (Piu bianca Romanza) from "Les Huguenots" by Meyerbeer.



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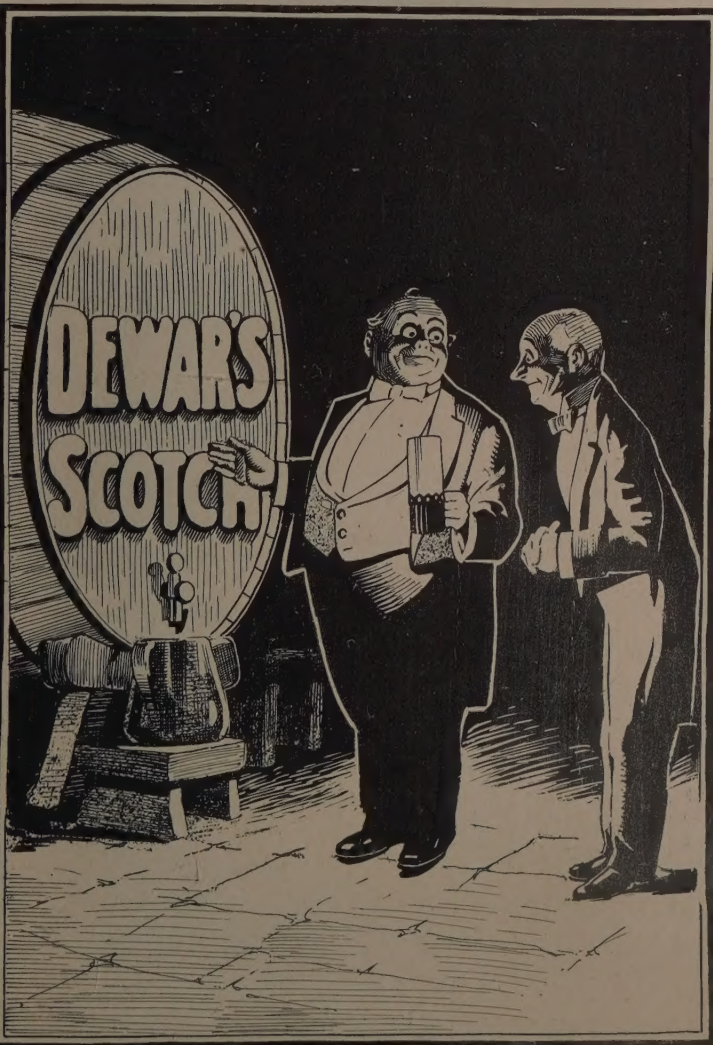
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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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# THE THEATRE

VOL. X

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 106

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MAURICE RENAUD AS HEROD IN MASSENET'S OPERA "HERODIADE" AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE



# Plays and Players

NEW THEATRE. "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."  
Tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Pro-

duced November 8 with the following cast:

Mark Antony.....	E. H. Sothern	Euphronius.....	George Venning
Octavius Caesar.....	A. E. Anson	Demetrius.....	G. F. Hanan-Clark
M. Aemilius Lepidus.....	Rowland Buckstone	Alexas.....	Lawrence Eyre
Sextus Pompeius.....	Ben Johnson	Diomedes.....	Pedro de Cordoba
Domitius Enobarbus.....	William McVay	A Soothsayer.....	Albert Bruning
Eros.....	Charles Balsar	A Clown.....	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Scarus.....	Howard Kyle	Guardman to Caesar.....	Alfred Cross
Agrippa.....	Jacob Wendell, Jr.	Cleopatra.....	Julia Marlowe
Proculeius.....	William Harris	Octavia.....	Beatrice Forbes-Robertson
Thyreus.....	Henry Stanford	Charmain.....	Jessie Busley
Menas.....	Lee Baker	Irás.....	Leah Bateman-Hunter
Canidius.....	Reginald Barlow		

Save for its element of novelty, it was an unfortunate selection which Mr. Winthrop Ames made for the opening attraction at the New Theatre. Of all the Shakespearian plays, "Antony and Cleopatra" presents perhaps more tremendous difficulties to the producer and to those entrusted with the acting of its many important and exacting rôles than almost any of his other historical tragedies. In spite of the fact that Coleridge places it in the first rank of the Bard's creations, the play, from the practical stage standpoint, is most exhausting. The original text contains more than forty scenes! To compress these into an acting version, not to exceed three hours in duration, is a difficult task, considering that the love story and the historical sequence must move in a certain unison. Be it said at the outset that the arrangement of scenes is a happy one. The work of compression has been done with judgment and taste. The episodic element, of which there is a great deal, has been thoughtfully eliminated; the practical and illuminative has been carefully advanced. But even literary intelligence will not smooth over to the satisfying full a progression of incidents so fraught with passionate and heroic detail. Condensing Shakespeare has too long been regarded as a crime. It is not; it is an art. Mr. Ames in the compilation of his dramatic story has done well.

When a movement, such as the New Theatre emphasizes, is projected, every aid that the critical world can suggest should be advanced to its help and ultimate accomplishment. It is no time for ulterior criticism. The hands of those who would do things for the advancement of dramatic art should be upheld if sober judgment is not pushed to a rebounding point. Such is not the case with those who have produced "Antony and Cleopatra." If the initial performance in this splendid new Temple of Thespis left something to be de-

sired, if the acoustics of the house on the opening night were found to be sadly defective, the management's first production of the classic drama is still a guarantee of what may be looked forward to—artistically—and as such merits the soul-felt wishes of those who have the dramatic interest close and dear to the heart.

The title rôles present neither Mr. Sothern nor Miss Marlowe in their happiest vein. The rugged Antony, the third pillar of the world, is a rôle which overtaxes the resources of the ambitious Mr. Sothern. His is an earnest effort, but totally unin-

spired. He has not the sufficient mien of tragedy for the expression of the tremendous emotions, strong and weak, which bring this demi-Atlas to his piteous fate. Nor has Miss Marlowe the languorous and voluptuous method needed to portray the varying moods of the wanton who was yet a queen. In her flashes of jealous anger she was at her best, and to her death scene she brought a simple grandeur that was wholly impressive. William McVay's Enobarbus was sturdy but unimaginative. A. E. Anson looked Caesar and played with distinction. Jacob Wendell, Jr., the former amateur, was a dignified Agrippa, and read his lines with a nice enunciation that others of wider experience might follow to advantage. Henry Stanford as Thyreus, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson as Octavia, Jessie Busley as Charmain, and Leah Bateman-Hunter as Irás lent artistic value to their respective parts. Scenery, costumes and properties were magnificently splendid and the stage management admirable throughout.

NEW THEATRE. "THE COTTAGE IN THE AIR." Comedy in four acts by Edward Knoblauch. Produced Nov. 11. Cast:

The Grand Duke of Lothen-Kunitz.....	Louis Calvert
Prince Henry of Gower.....	Henry Stanford
Lord Perham.....	Wilfrid North
The Hon. Percy Digge.....	Jacob Wendell, Jr.
Sir Augustus Shuttleworth.....	Charles Balsar
Rev. Morrison.....	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Winter.....	Cecil Yapp
Thompson.....	William McVay
Rusch.....	Robert Vivian
Geheimrath Fritzing.....	Albert Bruning
Princess Priscilla.....	Olive Wyndham
Countess Von Disthal.....	Mrs. Dallenbaugh
Annalise.....	Jessie Busley
Mrs. Morrison.....	Beverly Sitgraves
Mrs. Jones.....	Mrs. Sol Smith
Lady Shuttleworth.....	Rose Coglian

Of course, mistakes of judgment and accomplishment must naturally occur at the inception of all new and big undertakings. Such a stupendous institution as the New Theatre must take time to find itself. But it augurs ill for its future if the literary acumen of its directorate is to be guaged by its second production, "The Cottage in the Air." If



Hall

FRANK DANIELS  
As the Marquis in "The Belle of Brittany"



this is the best that independent and unsubsidized playwrights can offer, then indeed is the modern drama in a parlous state. That it ever should have been deemed worthy of presentation is equally incomprehensible. "The Cottage in the Air," a comedy by Edward Knoblauch, adapted from "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," a story by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," is a pretty, but unimportant tale exploited through the medium of four long, fatuous and trivial acts. In a mass of verbiage, in a prolixity of adventitious detail, a graceful idea is first tortured and then swamped. Priscilla, a German princess, tired of court life, runs away with her elderly tutor and a maid to lead the simple life in a small English country village. Her experiences there as a charitable factor work havoc among the objects of her bounty, place her in a series of awkward situations and finally persuade her that the estate to which one is called is something more than mere election. Miss Olive Wyndham plays this part, and struggles hard with it and a broken accent for which there is neither need nor reason. She is overweighted. Her tutor is genially and deftly acted by Albert Bruning—but he does become a bore at times, and her titled cousin, who takes her home, presumably to marry her, is engagingly presented by Henry Stanford. Her heavy German father is sketched with much sincerity of art and skilled humor by Louis Calvert, while the veteran Mrs. Sol Smith, in an almost Dickens type, shows to the full the value of ripe experience and the profound principles of the traditional. Jessie Busley, far more American than German, breezes through the disgruntled maid with comic force, and Cecil Yapp pictures an English curate with expert convention. Miss Rose Coghlan as Lady Shuttleworth and Ferdinand Gottschalk as her son show that tried artists can from straw evolve a fair substitute for the brick. The stage settings were beautiful.

GARRICK. "THE HARVEST MOON." Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced October 18 with the following cast:

Cornelia Fullerton.....	Margaret Sayres	Graham Winthrop.....	Thomas Russell
Dora Fullerton.....	Adelaide Nowak	Judge Elliott.....	John Saville
Professor Fullerton.....	Stephen Wright	Henri.....	Harry L. Lang
Mr. Holcomb.....	John Stokes	Monsieur Vavin.....	George Nash
Mrs. Winthrop.....	Jennie A. Eustace	Maid.....	Helena Van Brugh

In his scenes, which never sprawl and never fail of purpose, in his characterizations which measure human nature with unvarying accuracy, in his eager and earnest spirit of enquiry into the new in psychic truths, in dialogue that sparkles at every turn, and with an eloquence that is at once uplifting in sentiment and perfected in expression, Mr. Thomas in "The Harvest Moon" expresses himself with a distinction that is all his own. He possesses that particular literary touch that is not opposed to the dramatic and which is rare. In printed form his "Harvest Moon" has the life abundant in store. In its present technically unregenerate state it will hardly sustain itself, as many of his plays do, uninterruptedly, season after season. There is more thought in it than in any two or three plays of the season (or of several seasons past) that will outpoint it in popularity. Mr. Thomas is eloquent because he is gifted with sense, and sense is back of all eloquence. Whatever he writes is worth seeing, and the play will have its audiences. Its philosophical theme is interesting—the power of mental suggestion in shaping the conduct of a life.

A motherless girl is constantly reminded by her aunt that she is just like her mother, impulsive, reckless and headstrong, with a tendency toward evil. The mother had left her husband and died in France, after he had procured a divorce. He had brought home the girl born in France two years after the separation, rearing her as his own, the secret involved known only to him and his sister. She is now grown and announces her determination to go on the stage, her opportunity having come to appear in a play written by the young man to whom she is engaged. The essential happenings thereafter are that the persistency of the aunt in charging the girl with perversity and lack of natural capacity for such a career brings about a family council, into which is presently called a teacher with whom the girl had studied in the course of her education in Paris. He is a man of learning and decision of character. He takes up her case, questions her and discovers that she has ideals of the purest and is without evil inclinations. He contends and demonstrates that constant mental suggestion has made her doubt herself. She is permitted to have her way, but her success and happiness are thwarted for the moment by the malicious intervention of the aunt, who tells her



Byron, N. Y.

JULIE OPP AS MARIAMNE IN "HEROD"



that she is not the daughter of her brother, although the child of his wife born after the separation. The girl, believing herself lost by reason of inherited instincts, is about to leave home and lover, hoping at least to hide her shame. Her French teacher, who had sought to inspire her with confidence in herself, now again puts out his restraining hand and makes an avowal which puts the girl in possession of an untroubled mind and secure happiness. He is her father. He had married the divorced mother in England, but she had fled to France and hid herself from him after a misunderstanding, dying shortly after the birth of the child, undiscovered by him. She was a good woman. This solution alone disproves, as a fact, that the girl had inherited any evil inclinations, but she had really shown none. She and those who had been making the mental suggestions to her had only believed so. The girl had only been tortured and had remained pure in mind. That she might have gone wrong if she had finally severed all her ties is too finespun. That the audience should be led to believe that she is illegitimate until this avowal is made is a mistake of treatment, if it is so intended by Mr. Thomas. We learn on the first appearance in the action



Photo White

A NEW PORTRAIT OF ROSE STAHL

of the beloved teacher, through a brief change of words between him and a former servant, that he is the father, but the impression of illegitimacy is left. True there is every reason, at first, why he should not make his revelation. As brilliant as the play is in passages, it is not agreeable in the torture of the girl, self-tortured and not even decisively helped by her real father, throughout the whole of the substantial part of the action. Except in the last act when he becomes entirely himself, this M. Vavin is largely Mr. Thomas, intent on proving a theory, which he does a dozen times over. Mr. Thomas even goes so far as to devote the third act to a demonstration of the theory of colors with reference to the emotions and of the Harvest Moonlight with reference to love. The result of all this beautiful theorizing is that the story loses

its grip. The girl is a bundle of agonized nerves, so nagged at, that she cannot think straight and has no real mind of her own. We sympathize with her, but she aggravates us quite as much as the aunt aggravates her. The one real character in the play is the French teacher and philosopher. We have said that Mr. Thomas is almost unerring in his characterizations. So he is.



White

Mabel Roebuck

Act III. The trial of Hugh Colman on the charge of murder  
SCENE IN ROY HORNIMAN'S DRAMATIZATION OF W. J. LOCKE'S NOVEL, "IDOLS," AT THE BIJOU THEATRE





Sarony

HOPE LATHAM

As Bella Knowles in "Seven Days" at the Astor Theatre.  
Formerly in "Salvation Nell"

Moffett, Chicago

HENRY WOODRUFF

Who has been appearing in "Brown of Harvard."  
Will shortly be seen in a new play

Sarony

LEONORE HARRIS

Seen as Minna Hart in "Idols," a dramatization of W. J.  
Locke's novel

In themselves all the characters are fine, but they have little or no plot vitality. Mr. George Nash was the Philosopher and gave a stirring performance, and being supplied with Mr. Thomas' brains he was exhilarating and interesting to a degree. For the best part of his career on the stage, he has been a depraved villain, so that his capacity for broad views and high thought and deep feeling came as a refreshing surprise. It is proper to observe that he obliterated his customary self by assuming all the externals of a Frenchman.

CRITERION. "ISRAEL." Drama in three acts by Henri Bernstein.  
Produced Oct. 25 with this cast:

Agnes .....	Constance Collier
H. Giscourt de Jouvins.....	Christine Norman
Thibault .....	Graham Browne
Justin Gutlieb.....	Edwin Arden
Father Silvain.....	Dudley Digges
Count of Glegenoy.....	Frederick Eric
Count of Salaz.....	Franklin Ritchie
Marquis of Mauve.....	Mario Majeroni
Hector.....	Francis M. Verdi
Count of Morice.....	Mahlon Hamilton
Gilbert Giscourt de Jouvins.....	Dallas Anderson
Reginald Hurst.....	Thomas Mills
Louis.....	J. Homer Hunt
A Footman.....	E. C. Jennings

Had Henri Bernstein witnessed the original production of his play, "The Thief," in this country, he would in the main have been more than pleased. Had he seen his "Samson" enacted here by William Gillette and his associates, he would undoubtedly have taken to his bed. If it were possible for him to see the performance of his "Israel" at the Criterion, he would certainly linger there and doctors would have to be ordered in for the cure of his shattered nerves, for it is a distressingly weak interpretation that Charles Frohman's selected corps of players is giving of a play which, in its weaker scenes, demands the nicest of delicate treatment and in its big second act should have the assistance of two players of superlative emotional power.

### TO FORBES-ROBERTSON

Player, how came you to be poet and priest—

How come you by their power, their swift appeal?

You speak—and when you pause there seems to steal  
That solemn hush as when deep bells have ceased  
To ring in temples of the sacred East.

You voice the poem and the prayer, the real  
Warm godlike Love, before whose face must kneel  
Emperor and slave, the greatest and the least.

Now the fair ghosts of all your rôles arise  
And, whispering in the twilight, each one starts  
And greets this figure with its searching eyes—  
Caesar and Helder with their varied arts;  
And even Hamlet takes your hand and sighs:  
"Great spirits only can achieve great parts."

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

In France where the anti-Semitic feeling has not yet lost its force, "Israel" had a significance that cannot prevail in this country. Analyzing it critically, it is a play of a single act—the second. The first and third are a necessary preliminary and a conclusion, needed to round out an evening's entertainment, but almost irrelevant in each instance.

Thibault, Prince of Clar, is a jew-baiter. He determines to force the resignation from his club of Justin Gutlieb, a distinguished Hebrew banker. He insults the old gentleman, and a duel is arranged. But Thibault's mother does her best to avert the hostilities. Unsuccessful, she finally discloses the secret that

her son's father is none other than Gutlieb. This sensational disclosure is made in the big second act and a wonderful acting scene it is in the tremendous scope of its passionate intensity. It is put together with all that technical skill that marks Bernstein as a master of his craft and how big the act is in its suspense and climax is marked by the wonderful effect it achieves, for neither Graham Browne as the son or Constance Collier as the mother are equal to its exacting requirements. The stage management is thin throughout and the scene in the exclusive Parisian club is almost a joke. Edwin Arden acts with nice dignity and feeling as Gutlieb and

Christine Norman is genuinely sincere as the young woman, who by her love for him, prevents Thibault from committing suicide when his true paternity is announced.

LYRIC. "HEROD." Play in three acts by Stephen Phillips. Produced Oct. 26 with this cast:





White

JANET BEECHER

Lately seen as Dorothy Chase in "The Intruder." Will be starred in a new comedy under the management of William A. Brady

Herod ..... Mr. Faversham  
 Pheroras ..... Morton Selten  
 Aristobulus ..... A. Hylton Allen  
 Gadias ..... H. Cooper Cliffe  
 Sohemus ..... Burton Churchill  
 Physician ..... Alexander Calvert  
 Priest ..... Warren Conlan  
 Councillor ..... Harry Redding  
 Syllaesus ..... Earl Q. Snider

Roman Envoy ..... Frank Thomas  
 Mariamne ..... Julie Opp  
 Cypros ..... Helen Tracy  
 Salome ..... Olive Oliver  
 Bathsheba ..... Claire McDowell  
 Hagar ..... Alice Belmore  
 Judith ..... Mabel Crawley  
 Berenice ..... Emeline Carder

*Palmam meruit qui ferat!* A matinee idol who deliberately throws away assured commercial success for the purpose of accomplishing higher things in the domain of dramatic art deserves not only substantial reward from the public, but its encouraging plaudits as well. William Faversham is the player who has discarded the dress suit for the toga of tragedy and at the Lyric is giving a production of "Herod," sumptuous in its detail and marked throughout by a plenitude of taste and generosity, which leaves little to be desired. It is a nice spirit which induces Mr. Faversham to present for the first time in America, so brilliant an effort in the realm of dramatic poetry as Stephen Phillips' distinguished history of the famous King of Jewry. Almost a decade has elapsed since its composition, but that the public is enabled even at this late day to become familiar with its noble verse, its splendid study of character and its rare technical distinction is something to be devoutly grateful for. All hail! to the animating impulse even though the execution does not quite reach the heights attempted.

Phillips is a genuine poet, lyrical as well as dramatic. His verse breathes lofty imagination and sustained value as well. It scans, it sings and better still the delineation of character is pictured in appropriate metaphor and graceful imagery. The characters speak their real selves. Individuality is not subordinated to fanciful flights. The spirit of the soul declares itself in language as characteristically expressive as it is gracefully poetic. Poet, student and playwright meet on a plane of high achievement. "Herod" is a big accomplishment metrically; it is a fine drama from the acting view point and the story advances from its gorgeous beginning to its tragic conclusion with a beauty, simplicity and force, compelling in its resistless sweep.

Herod is a tremendous psychological study. His traits are simple and elementary, but to express them to their full worth requires the resources of a player of bigger breadth than Mr. Faversham. Always earnest, ever dignified, with elocution that is both intelligent, illuminative and clean cut, it is not possible for him to express to the full the spirit of remorse, anguish and dread which he experiences when Mariamne, conscious that he is the agent of the death of her over popular brother, spurns and repudiates him. But in the final act, chastened in body and soul, a mental wreck when he returns to his kingdom, incapable of realizing the death of his beloved queen, Mr. Faversham rises to great heights of theatrical effectiveness by the simplicity and repose of the methods he invokes. It is not quite a great impersonation, but Mr. Faversham's Herod is a worthy and splendid accomplishment in a big tragic field. A picture of regal beauty, Julie Opp enacts Mariamne with splendid dignity and pathos; while the Salome of Olive Oliver is a characterization replete with subtle power. The murdered Aristobulus is played with the spirited grace of youth by A. Hylton Allen and as the chief councillor Godias, H. Cooper Cliffe reads the rôle with exquisite clarity of expression and presents its crafty traits with admirable surety. Sohemus, the doughty Gaul, is excellently acted by Burton Churchill. In fact, the every part is intelligently and capably expressed. He carps indeed who can find a fault in the external investiture of this splendid play. Those who love the drama for itself ought see this impressive production.

LIBERTY. "SPRINGTIME." Play in three acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Produced Oct. 19th with this cast:

Louise ..... Helen Lindroth  
 Aunt Margaret ..... Alice Parke Warren  
 Father O'Mara ..... Joseph Brennan  
 Lemaitre ..... Charles Butler  
 M. de Valette ..... William B. Mack  
 Raoul de Valette ..... Samuel Forrest

L'Acadienne ..... Bijou Fernandez  
 Wolf ..... Edwin Holland  
 Crawley ..... William Harrigan  
 Madeleine ..... Mabel Taliaferro  
 Gilbert Steele ..... Earle Browne  
 Julie ..... Sallie Brent

George Bronson Howard wrote a magazine story; Frederick Thompson read it and was impressed with its dramatic utility

(Continued on page xiii)





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Dorothy Faringay (Gladys Hanson)

Edward Thursfield (Kyrle Bellew)

Act III. Edward: "Miss Faringay, sisterly devotion is very admirable, but it can be carried too far"

**Scene in Alfred Sutro's Play "The Builder of Bridges" at the Hudson Theatre**



# Rita Sacchetto—Munich's Famous Dancer

**R**ITA SACCHETTO, who made an artistic sensation in Berlin last season and who will be seen in New York this winter is the latest of a royal line of dancers, who within the last few years have had the public at their feet.

Isadora Duncan, the California girl, with her attempt at the revival of the old Greek dance, took the initiative in the pantomimic art dance. She was followed by Maud Allan, an English dancer, who was never more than a weak imitation of the Duncan. Then we had Madeleine, the dream dancer of Paris, with her not altogether convincing theories of hypnotism and suggestion. Finally last season we had Ruth St. Denis, the highly intelligent young American, with her weird dances from Indian life and worship. All of these were the forerunners of Rita Sacchetto, a beautiful Munich girl, whose art was one of the most interesting events of the last year.

Ruth St. Denis and Rita Sacchetto are the two names which today stand for the modern art dance, for there is an antipodal difference between the dance as conceived by them, and the purely physical movements of an Otero, a Cleo de Mérode or a Loie Fuller. Ruth St. Denis is all style, fantastic grace and Buddhist mysticism; Sacchetto is wholly human, of fascinating naiveté, captivating in her exuberance of temperament, in her grace and charm. Her artistic legacy comes to her from her mother, who is descended from a

dancing. When she made her début in Munich, the leading artists of the city stood sponsors for this artistic christening.

What does she dance and how does she dance? are questions of which the first is more easily answered. With indescribable freedom of rhythm, she solves the characteristics of a national dance, a culture epoch or a dramatic moment. In a costume borrowed from a Gainsborough canvas, she dances with inimitable grace and naïveté, a musette and gavotte from one of Bach's English Suites. Or the stage is set to represent a gypsy camp. On a bed of straw before the tent, lies a young woman listening dreamily to the weird minor strains of a Liszt Rhapsodie or a Brahms Hungarian dance which come from the instrument of her companion. The music grows more spirited, she rises, stretches herself, and is soon reproducing in sinuous lines the fiery tempestuousness of a Friska or Czardas.

Again the scene changes to a Botticelli canvas, full of the fragrance of spring and blossoming trees. Sacchetto in a simple flowered muslin, with a wreath of roses in her hair, brings out all the delicate nuances of Brahms' "Love Song Waltzes" and the "Voices of Spring" by Strauss.

She can look like one of the de Vinci women with her strong Italian contour, she can portray a shepherd-ess out of a Watteau canvas, or play the *grande dame* of the Gainsborough and Reynolds era of English portraiture.

How does Sacchetto dance? That is difficult to say! Perhaps, after all, dancing is not the right word, as it is more a rhythmical swing of her entire body, a rhythm in which one is made to feel the periods and cadences. It is a free mingling of pantomimic art with the dance; her movements rise and fall with the melodic line; now she falls into the dance rhythm, now she lets it fall; in short, she is the music. One has the feeling that her movements are not adjusted to an existing music, but that the music has grown out of the movement.

CAROLINE V. KERR.



RITA SACCHETTO



RITA SACCHETTO



RITA SACCHETTO





RITA SACCHETTO

The lyric-dramatic dancer of Munich who made a sensation in Europe last season and who will be seen in New York this winter





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SIGNOR ZEROLA

The new Italian tenor at the Manhattan Opera House as Rhadames in "Aida"

## Miss Neilson and the Bear

By DANIEL FROHMAN

MANY stories have been told of the practical jokes played by the elder Sothern upon Captain Lee, the husband of Adelaide Neilson, when she appeared in this country. For one of these stories I can vouch, for it was narrated to me by the famous actress herself. At that time I was a lad employed by the *Daily Graphic* of this city and I was sent to interview Miss Neilson, an artist accompanying me to make sketches.

Miss Neilson was then appearing at Booth's Theatre, located at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, and was living in a suite of rooms at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, which was entered directly from Twenty-third Street. Mr. Sothern the elder was

playing an engagement in New York City, as were also the late W. J. Florence and Dion Boucicault.

Somebody in the West sent Dion Boucicault, in a large wooden cage, a good-sized cub bear, as a present for the holidays. Boucicault, amazed at the receipt of such an extraordinary gift, and having no use for it, decided to send it to W. J. Florence who, being equally puzzled and agitated at the receipt of the animal, concluded to send it to Sothern. As Sothern had been playing some of his practical jokes on him, he was thus enabled to repay him for the numerous pranks of which he had been the victim. Sothern, however, was delighted with the bear. He placed it on exhibition for a short time, and then decided to send it to Philip Lee, the husband of Miss Neilson. After thus disposing of the animal, he notified Messrs. Florence and Boucicault of his plan. It was arranged that the bear was to be placed in Miss Neilson's drawing room during her absence at the Saturday matinee, and as her performance was a long one, it would enable the three plotters to be on hand when she and her husband discovered the animal.

Shortly before six o'clock, Captain Lee and his wife, (Miss Neilson) leisurely walked up Twenty-third Street from the theatre, approached their apartment through their private entrance on Twenty-third Street, and as they entered their drawing room, the plotters, who were in hiding close by, heard the shrieking and shouting of the couple. Then they came in to enjoy the situation. While the general excitement was at its height, the bear, having been knocked about considerably in the cage, and some of the bars having got loose, threw himself

against the wooden obstruction, and escaped into the room. Instantly there was a scramble. Florence jumped upon the piano; Sothern, being away from the door, scrambled on to the mantelpiece and Boucicault shut himself in an adjoining closet, while Captain Lee rushed madly out into the hallway calling for the police, leaving Miss Neilson alone with young Bruin. She rushed out into the hall, and seeing a fire hose on the floor, turned on the water, and pointed the nozzle of the hose toward the animal, to keep him at bay, while help was coming. The bear, not relishing his bath, immediately returned to the only place where he had been comfortable—the cage! When he got in, Miss Neilson put up the bars, placed some heavy furniture against the cage, and in a tragic voice shouted to the shivering jokers: "Gentlemen, you may come down!" The porters took charge of the bear, which Miss Neilson sent to the Central Park Menagerie.





MISS VIOLA ALLEN  
After a photograph by Moffett





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BESSIE ABBOTT

Well-known prima donna and member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Will be starred next season by the Messrs. Liebler & Co. in an opera

## Clyde Fitch as Collaborator

CLYDE FITCH'S habits of work were so unsystematized that it would have been practically impossible for him to collaborate with writers who need a supply of manuscript paper, good pens and stated hours of labor. He wrote with any old stub, usually clotted with ink, with the stub of a pencil, and on scraps of paper or remnants of pads that chance left on his

desk. Moreover he wrote all the time or rather at any time. If an idea occurred to him, as likely to be valuable in a play, while he was holding a conversation, or doing something else, Fitch would go to the nearest desk, and write, not the notes of the idea, but the fragment of dialogue in which he made use of it. This scrap was pinned or glued to the manuscript on which he was at work, somewhere near its proper place, and it was the hard duty of the typist who should transcribe this play, both to translate the scrip and to fit it in where it was meant to go.

In the midst of this surface disorder, the play, indeed, the plays, for he was usually engaged on three at once, was kept in the strictest order. Its story, its development, never became swallowed up in a great mire of detail. He held the thread firmly, and so far as his constructive powers permitted him to go, he carried it always to a legitimate conclusion. At any moment, day or night, this author could tell you, simply and clearly, the plots of his half century of written plays. He could, and often did, rehearse a page of dialogue of a play twenty years old. His memory and his concentration were prodigious. These, with his acute, if narrow perception of the facts of life, constituted a large part of his equipment as a playwright.

It was his pose not to be able to tell within ten or a dozen how many plays of his had been publicly produced. Possibly he recognized that a correct criticism of hasty work was included in this question, one of the stereotyped queries put to him by interviewers and other people. In fact he knew exactly. He kept a very beautiful embossed leather portfolio in which was enshrined a program of each of his productions, under lock and key. None was missing and he never permitted one to be taken away. Occasionally, when a little dispute arose about the exact date of a production, although he remembered this date accurately, he would refer to this portfolio in order to convince others who differed from him. He was always right.

This criticism of his output, either outspoken or suggested, was very general. From the beginning of his career, writers interested in the drama found fault with him, because his plays were not, as they said, sufficiently studied. This was a sore point with him. While he may have felt somewhat flattered when serious critics lamented because he dashed off his pieces, which, they fancied, might have been transformed into masterpieces, with a little more labor, a little more polish; in his heart he knew that he gave the public the best that he had. His intellect was of the quick, bright, shifting variety. He struck out an idea in a phosphorescent white heat and instinct taught him that no amount of reheating and hammering could improve it. His glass, like de Musset's was not large, but it was his, and he was too clever not to realize when he had filled it.

All the same he showed in his conversations about his work that this reiterated criticism did not always glance off. To me he said more than once:

"I mean to try and do all the work I can before fifty. After that I shall write no more plays."

Another criticism which he felt was unjust and affected him keenly was almost as generally made. It was averred, over and over again, that he could not write *men*—that his male characters were trousered females. The success of estimation only which attended "The Cow-boy and the Lady" struck at him, for with this piece he had intended to triumphantly refute his critics. I fancy that his interest in the piece, in the making of which I was associated with him, was primarily aroused by the fact that the book from which it was made had but two or three women in it, and these the merest





Copyright, Charles Frohman

Gutlieb (Edwin Arden)

Thibault (Graham Browne)

ACT I. THIBAUT INSULTS GUTLIEB IN THE CLUB OF THE RUE ROYALE



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Gutlieb (Edwin Arden)

Duchess of Croucy (Constance Collier)

ACT II. GUTLIEB SAYS HE MUST DEFEND HIS HONOR



Copyright, Charles Frohman

Duchess of Croucy (Constance Collier)

Thibault (Graham Browne)

ACT II. THE DUCHESS CONFESSES THAT GUTLIEB IS HER SON'S FATHER

Scenes in Henri Bernstein's Drama "Israel" at the Criterion Theatre



abstractions, while the male characters were as masculine, if not as noble, as Beowulf. While the play was being written it was the harsh masculine note that he strove after, a note that in this play, at least, he palpably forced.

The play—to relate briefly how he came to be associated with it—had been written and accepted by a manager, when as an afterthought it occurred to that gentleman to try to associate Mr. Fitch in the enterprise, as a producer, if in no closer way. At the manager's request the playwright read the manuscript and was at once interested, suggesting, however, a new and apparently stronger third act, and intimating his willingness either to direct the writing of this act or to write it himself. When the original third act was pulled out, however, it really made necessary the rewriting of the whole play. The work dragged over nearly the whole of a theatrical season, and at its close Mr. Fitch's collaborator had learned a great deal about his habits of work.

Meetings to discuss the characters and lay out the story were few, and always interrupted. But whether the playwright come back to the subject the next day or a month later, he remembered everything vividly and no part of the work had ever to be gone over again. He showed the greatest patience with ideas which his long training told him at once were bad, and he was always willing to explain why they were so, and to suggest and explain others to take their places. While he delivered his ideas frankly and without accepting the possibility of argument—they were fixed ideas—he never manifested impatience or ill-humor. On points of construction he followed tradition willingly. He agreed with the public that wherever possible there should be happy endings, and, in fine, he had the public always in mind when writing or planning plays. The innovations, the "surprises" for which he became in a certain degree celebrated, never went as deep as the bones of the play. These were contributed as much by rule as Robertson's.

In the last act of the play under discussion, circumstances brought the lovers too quickly together.

"Keep 'em back; we must devise something else here, for the act must play at least fifteen minutes. The minute the lovers join hands and begin to mumble their understanding, the audience hunts for its overshoes; the play, no matter what is left unexplained, is done."

In all his plots the same strict acceptance of conventions will be observed. It was in the embroidery, the small subsidiary scenes, that he permitted his taste for novelty, sometimes for extravagance, to riot. But he always held himself in with a tight rein when the "plot" took the centre of the stage.

While we were collaborating on this piece, Mr. Fitch was



Reutlinger

#### CLÉO DE MÉRODE AS A MILKMAID

Cléo de Mérode, the famous beauty and one-time ballerina of the Paris Opéra, is seen here as a *laitière*. The *coiffure à la Cléo*, though no longer fashionable, is still worn by the beautiful originator. Cléo de Mérode jumped into fame through her beauty, being discovered by the King of the Belgians, who greatly admired her Madonna-like loveliness.

writing three others, among them "The Woman in the Case" for Blanche Walsh, and an adaptation from the French for Francis Wilson. This simultaneous work proceeded now at his town-house, now at Quiet Corner at Greenwich, Conn., and even in hotel rooms while he was going through with the dress-rehearsal of another play about to be born. The work was done by snatches, but no time was ever lost in review. It was never necessary to refer to a finished bit of the manuscript for him to know where we were; he always knew.

Other things besides the crowding of rehearsals and the composition of other plays interfered, the principal being business, for good playwright as he was, Mr. Fitch was a better business man. He would stop work at any time to discuss the terms of a new contract, and he wrote often with the telephone in his left hand. Here is a fragment of dialogue, which shows how his mind could compass two things at once. He is writing an impassioned love scene and has reached almost a climax:

"Sue says: 'No, no, I never believed it—I couldn't believe it—my heart told me you were a good man!'"

The telephone rings.

Mr. Fitch admits that he is at the 'phone, and after a conversation of nearly a half hour's length with a manager at the other end, agrees to write a play for his star. A contract is rapidly sketched and he drops the 'phone and without reading over again Sue's passionate exclamation, he writes for Cherokee, her lover, an appropriate rejoinder.

It may not have been in this way that Shakespeare wrote the long sonorous speeches of Hamlet or even the short, crisp ones of Launcelot Gobbo, yet who knows how varied were the interruptions which cut into the work of the bard. Concentration has been half the playwright's strength in all ages.

Processes like these, mental and physical, are not calculated to make the ideal collaborator, and an ideal collaborator, despite his uniform good-will and good temper, Clyde Fitch was not. He admitted his shortcomings in this respect. He had no lively desire to work with any other writer, and in double harness he was far from "trotting" his best. So little did he care for collaboration that he resisted numberless requests, and in his long career of activity the authors with whom he joined, and on whom he imposed his methods, number but three.

Towards the close of his career (although he little suspected that he was nearing its close), Mr. Fitch's mind changed. He increased his reading of foreign plays, with a view to adaptation, and planned more "hack" work of this kind—which he viewed as the best sort of collaboration. Two of these projected plays were to be of the "Blue Mouse" genre.

WILLIS STEELL.





Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE

This charming Danish dancer, who has been called "the Tetrassini of the toes," is now appearing in "The Silver Star"

After a photograph by Otto Sarony





Photo Sarony, N. Y.

HATTIE WILLIAMS AS ATHOLE IN "DETECTIVE SPARKES"

## Martyrs of the Stage

MORE dramatic than most stage-set scenes was the meeting one day of two great actresses of another generation. It occurred on a train that carried them both from Boston to New York, and has been described to the present writer by one who heard and saw. One of the actresses, weary from the strain of a long season, lay back, pale, among her pillows. The other, restless from gnawing pain, walked up and down the narrow aisle of the car, that had become literally an "aisle of pain" to her. Stopping in her walk, the restless one, gaunt, deep-eyed, with facial lines cut deep by the great etcher pain, looked into the face of the tired one, who had fallen asleep. It was still a young face, she noted, but a weary young face, and with finger laid upon lip, she beckoned the husband of the sleeping actress to follow her to the end of the car.

"Don't let her work too hard," she said. "The stage will make martyrs of us all, if we allow it."

The tired one slept on and did not hear. In the haste of arrival at New York, there was only time for a brief pressure of clasped hands—a "Goodbye," and "God bless you!" and the pain-racked and the weary actress parted, not to meet again on earth.

A few months later, the news of Charlotte Cushman's death came as a deep, individual sorrow to every player. To one of them the news contained a strong warning note. In her sleep of exhaustion, Miss Cushman's words had not reached Clara Morris' ears, but they had been repeated to her and they now rang woefully through her brain.

"Don't let her work too hard. The stage will make martyrs of us all if we allow it."

But Clara Morris' martyrdom had already begun. Even then it had progressed hopelessly far. Charlotte Cushman, who uttered the prophecy, had spoken out of a bitter knowledge. Her tremendous beating of her breast, when she played her memorable rôle, Meg Merrilies, had caused a bruise from which ensued cancer and she died from that mysterious, baffling scourge. Clara Morris, by her falls in the play "Alixé," so injured her spine that permanent ill health followed, snuffing out a dramatic power that has never been surpassed, and seldom approached. "Don't let her work too hard," warned Miss Cushman out of the depths of her tragic wisdom. But she had already worked too hard, and the injured spine suffered, when it should have been soothed. Miss Morris, though an almost helpless invalid in her old home, "The Pines," at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson, is a pathetically picturesque martyr to the stage.

As soldiers have fallen in battle, so have players died on or for the stage. Soldiers have faced the enemy saying that death was almost inevitable. In the same spirit, actors have given a performance while they should have been in the hush of the death chamber. None doubt that Sir Henry Irving's end was hastened by his continuing his tour when he should have been resting.

"When the news came, and we carried him from the lobby of the hotel to his room," said Percy Burton, who was with him at the last, "I felt as though we were carrying a fallen warrior on his shield from the field of battle."

No soldier was ever braver than was Nelson Wheatcroft, whose great success in Sardou's "Spiritisme," was followed by the universal failure—death! He tapped upon the door of Virginia Harned's dressing room and thrust a feverish face within. His cheeks were scarlet banners. His eyes were large and bright and feverishly burning.

"I am very ill," he said. "I don't see how I can give a performance to-night."

"Oh, we can't get along without you, Mr. Wheatcroft. Don't fail us!" cried Miss Harned. "We all have grip this dreadful weather. I have it too."

The actor looked at her with a strange smile, "I'll do my best," he said.





Photo by Byron, N. Y.

Aristobulus (A. Hylton Allen)

Marianne (Julie Opp)

Act I. Marianne leading Aristobulus before Herod

SCENE IN STEPHEN PHILLIPS' TRAGEDY IN BLANK VERSE "HEROD" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

Herod (William Faversham)



He kept his word, giving a fine performance, but the next night an actor had to read his lines. Nelson Wheatcroft was dead.

From playing a deathbed scene in damp sheets, provided by a careless property man, beautiful Dorothy Dene, who was the model for the best of Leighton's paintings, and an accomplished actress as well, played a real death scene. The long scene between the damp sheets induced rheumatism, which after months of torture reached her heart, and in one excruciating pang, killed her.

Harry Crisp, a matinee idol of the Union Square Theatre, when that house was the most popular theatre in New York, contracted pneumonia and was promised exemption from the final penalty of that insidious disease, if he would "take care of himself."

"Stay at home. Go to bed and all will be well in a few days. Play again and—" An ominous professional shrug completed the sentence. Mr. Crisp presented his case. The manager of the Union Square presented his. "It's only a cold. Wait till Sunday for your rest," he was requested. "If you don't play, I will have to close the theatre." And the manager reckoned upon a writing pad his loss in that event, which sum he held in scrawled figures before the actor's comprehending eyes. "I'll try," said Harry Crisp. He did try, and trying—died.

While playing *Undine*, in a Boston Theatre, Hester Proctor, who was an offshoot of the famous theatrical Marble family, caught a cold, which developed into pneumonia, and with fatal results.

A fatality that punctuated the run of "The Sins of Society" at the Drury Lane Theatre in London, was the result of over-diligent study of the rôle of Rev. Hope, the character which was a close copy of the personality of Father Vaughn, a militant ecclesiastic of London.

Austin Milford, who played the rôle, attended the open air meetings during the midwinter, the better to copy the methods of the great religious agitators. The morning after he attended one of these meetings he played with difficulty. An understudy relieved him, and the actor, his slim, shivering body shrinking into the folds of his great coat, went out the stage door of Old Drury

for the last time. The next week a call to his funeral was posted up beside the stage door. The doctors said he had studied so hard, that his vitality was exhausted, and pneumonia quickly vanquished him.

Hall Caine paid tender tribute to Ethel Marlowe, the twenty-four-year-old actress, who died after playing her scene as Polly

in "The Christian." "The girl died bravely, as a soldier at his post," said the author. Miss Marlowe had a weak heart, and the exertion of playing the rôle of Polly, a girl of the streets and a friend of Glory Quayle, had burst one of its frail valves. So said the physician who was called to attend the girl, but who, as soon as his eye fell upon her, removed his hat and said: "Too late."

Every stock company player cites in support of his theory that the stock actor will eventually collapse from the long continued strain, the case of Hannah May Ingram, the actress member of the Henry V. Donnelly's company in the Murray Hill Theatre. From that company graduated Frances Starr and Dorothy Donnelly into eventual stardom, and Laura Hope Crews into the "featured" state of recognition. But these were younger women, and stronger. They had not

served so long the Moloch "stock." Miss Ingram had played twice a day for a longer time, so long that when the curious asked her about the length of her term of service, she answered truthfully: "I don't know." Eight performances a week, and a rehearsal every day, had slowly, steadily depleted her reservoir of strength. One morning, for the first time, she did not appear at rehearsal. A physician's certificate announced that she was unable to leave the house. The manager sent a messenger to Miss Ingram's boarding house to ask for "particulars." He returned with one "particular,"—grim, sufficient. Miss Ingram was dead. She had died, the doctor said, from overwork.

Of the cloud shadowed, storm-dotted career of Lucille Western, one of the saddest figures in stage history, much that is contradictory of much else, has been written and spoken. It was an actor who had known her well, who uttered this *Requiescat in Pace*:

"How can there be any difference of opinion as to Lucille Western belonging in the category of the martyrs of the stage? The de-



FLORENCE ROCKWELL  
As Necia in the dramatization of Rex Beach's novel "The Barrier"



tails of her ill treatment in her girlhood, being kept at work when rest would have prolonged her life, is well known. She was driven out to earn her living. She struggled and succeeded, only to see her earnings gambled away. Clara Morris tells how Miss Western burst into tears when she found that on a night when she was ill able to play, one of the grasping members of her family had carefully counted the house, and gone away and staked all of the night's receipts in a game and lost. When she was only thirty-three a doctor told her she had but a little time to live, and, while tears streamed from her closed eyes, she whispered, 'Thank God!' Her last words were, 'Rest! At last I shall have rest.'

Rachel's unceasing work upon the stage, under the whiplash of family greed, brought her also to an untimely end.

Of the risks that players have run in their zealous performances there have been striking examples in this generation. Virginia Harned accomplished the greatest fall known to the modern stage, when she rolled down a flight of eleven steps. She did this every night in open disobedience to her physician's orders. Every time she rolled down those stairs it was at imminent danger to limb. Every time the steel ends of her stays were thrust into her flesh and her arms were bruised to unlovely hues. This was in "The Dancing Girl." When she first played Camille she was so agitated that she fell backward upon the stage, thrusting a wire hairpin deep into the back of her head. Otis Skinner permitted an apple to be shot from his head in a performance of "Wil-

helm Tell" until prudence overcame valor and he secured a substitute, as Mary Garden secures a substitute for that dangerously diaphanous tableau in the opening act of "Thais," as Maude Adams' mother, insisting that there must be a substitute for her fragile daughter in an act in which the child leaped into a tank of cold water, nightly took the leap herself.

Mrs. Leslie Carter assumed a perilous risk each time she swung from the bell tower when she played "The Heart of Maryland." Billie Burke, by continuing her tour when her doctor had ordered her to stop, jeopardized her life. Her arm swollen to three times its size as the result of thrusting a rusty pin into her thumb, the young star acted until it was no longer possible for her to appear.

"Deliberate suicide!" exclaimed the medical advisor. Billie Burke laughed, and laughter and youth reclaimed what zeal had lost.

Robert Hilliard is a sorely buffeted man in "A Fool There Was." He is slapped, knocked down, kicked — all violently, even viciously, it seemed — eight times a week for two years. "Be careful. 'Avoid internal injuries,'" warned the doctor, at whom, as have many of his brethren, Robert Hilliard laughed. The medical men hide their humiliation in that retreat of the cautious, "He laughs best who laughs last."

William Courtenay, having broken his shoulder blade, went on dislocating it every night, because, he said, he would rather suffer and be maimed than miss a performance.

The stage has its martyrs as well as other walks of life.

ADA PATTERSON.



Moffett, Chicago

A NEW PORTRAIT OF BERTHA KALICH



# "First Nights" in the Palmy Days of the Drama

"FIRST NIGHTS" are very different to-day to what they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. I speak more particularly as regards the actor. We didn't go at a play then as we do now, with rule and compass, plotting out every detail of the dialogue and stage business before the opening night. We rushed into the first performance with little but our enthusiasm and a sublime faith that somehow everything would come out all right. There were no elaborate dress rehearsals, with every inch of the set carefully determined, as is the case nowadays. It goes without saying that our first performances had their surprises then as well as they do now.

I remember my first night of "The Merchant of Venice" with Edwin Booth. I played Bassanio. I was very young and very careful of my dignity. In the scene of the caskets, the table upon which they rested stood upon a raised dias. I found to my dismay that the table was so large that it barely left me room to stand. However, by putting one foot in front of the other and leaning close, I managed to cling on not too ungracefully, and went on with my lines. Just in the middle of the apostrophe to the silver casket, swaying a little too far to windward, I suddenly felt myself going. I couldn't step down without losing my poise, so, very gently, I clutched the table beside me. Unhappily, my hand caught a fold of the cloth, which slowly but surely slipped, until I ended by reeling hastily off the dias, followed by cloth, casket and table, which happened to be much too light. I had to wait ignominiously under the eyes of my amused Portia until the Belmont servants restored order, and I returned to choose from a lower step with much dampened spirits.

The fact that Mr. Booth rarely came to rehearsals used to make first nights with him all the more appalling to my youthful sense. I shall never forget once when I was rehearsing for my first appearance with the Master. I was to be François in "Richelieu," and was very nervous and deeply impressed with the importance of my part. When at the afternoon rehearsal just before the opening night, Mr. Booth failed to appear, I stood aghast.

"But how," I stammered to the stage manager, who was reading Mr. Booth's lines, "how am I to know just where Mr. Booth expects me to stand in our scene?"

"Never mind, my boy," said the stage manager soothingly, "Mr. Booth will find you at night."

That used to be the favorite reassuring phrase of all Mr.

By OTIS SKINNER

Booth's managers: "Don't worry, Mr. Booth will make it all right on the stage."

There was little enough time in those days to study things out carefully. We just got together and trusted to inspiration and our chief to get us through. And somehow, scenes, however badly rehearsed, shaped themselves about him at the critical moment and went wonderfully, after all. Nowadays we prepare plays with a microscope. Then we went at them with a scoop and shovel, with more eagerness than

*finesse*. But when first night mishaps did occur, I always found it best to face the thing squarely and acknowledge it to my audience by showing that I knew it and that I knew they knew it, too. The moment one tries to conceal awkwardness, one loses sympathy and becomes a fair mark for derision.

It has always seemed to me a great mistake that an actor should be in any way bothered with the details of a production. There should be someone else to care for all that side of the matter. Even now I lose patience when people come to me on the eve of a new play with queries as to whether they have chosen the right kind of chair or drapery, or whether the set of a scene is strictly of the period. I like to go to the theatre on my first night without the faintest consciousness of any stage detail whatsoever, feeling that all these things have been intelligently provided for.

The natural tendency of an actor on his first night is toward an overstraining of his effect, and too often one starts

out in one's big scenes on such a high key that it is impossible to get higher. I remember once finding myself in the middle of the play scene in "Hamlet" at such a pitch that when I got to the line, "Why let the stricken deer go weep," the horrible conviction came over me that I was up to my top notch, with nothing higher in sight.

An element of the first night that we have always had with us are the people who are out to see if anything happens. They enjoy the sheer thrill of a first night. They watch for contretemps, they have a ghoulish glee in seeing an author's or an actor's laborious structure tumble down before the jeers of the public. If there are happenings of any sort, breakdowns, speeches or accidents, these first nighters want to be there so they can talk about it afterwards. This element of the first night audience is on the alert for anything, ready to jump either way at the slightest provocation. In this respect, audiences have not changed much. The chronic "knocker" was always with us on first nights.

## TO JULIA MARLOWE

(Sonnet after the manner of Shakespeare)

Thy voice I love—it hath a charm for me  
As though a linnet, after April rain,  
Ravished this rude world with sweet melody,  
Herself all careless of delight or pain.  
And truly, to transport myself to heaven,  
Listening to enchanted lullabies,  
I need not yearn for any star of even,  
But only, hearing Julia, close my eyes.  
Yet, oh! forbid me, Muses, thus to darken  
My sight unto so fair a form and face;  
But rather let me both behold and hearken,  
And then declare her wit the crowning grace!  
Of Art's rich temple are her words the chimes:  
Herself the goddess of a realm of mimes.

HENRY TYRRELL.





MISS MAUDE ADAMS  
After a photograph by Sarony  
Copyright by Charles Frohman





Madeleine (Mabel Taliaferro)

Gilbert Steele (Earle Browne)

Act I. Madeleine: "Your name is Gilbert? My name is Madeleine?"

SCENE IN BOOTH TARKINGTON'S AND HARRY LEON WILSON'S PLAY "SPRINGTIME" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

## The Pecuniary Rewards of Playwriting

JUST as happy marriages are seldom talked about, so plays that are financial failures seem to be forgotten, when people roll on their tongues the "enormous profits" of playwriting.

Hall Caine's drama "The Christian" affords a forcible argument why everybody, equipped or not, should take a chance in the theatre. The author received for this play for two seasons, an average of \$1,800 in royalty per week; for the third season, with the late Edward J. Morgan as the star, his royalty averaged \$1,000 per week. Two companies played it the fourth season and brought him in about \$800 per week, his income from it for three seasons of stock company production, was about \$13,500 and this source is not yet exhausted. \$250,000 is a conservative estimate of what "The Christian" paid Mr. Caine.

But popular approval, like lightning, does not often strike in the same place, and this author's plays "The Eternal City" and "The Prodigal Son," both failures by comparison, served to drive this harsh fact home.

The experience of every successful playwright has been the same. One of his pieces may make a fortune for him, while another, although he believes it possesses equal drawing power, fails to attract the nimble dollar.

Mr. Daniel Frohman has said that he would gladly pay \$500 a week to a reader of plays who could pick a winner every time. A reader with such ability would be worth more salary. This is why the unrecognized playwright finds the doors double-locked against him. Managers distrust their own judgment, the author's, everybody's. They are afraid to reject the work of a man who has made a big success for that reason, and for the same reason they hesitate to accept the work of the unknown man.

Only a few years have gone by since Henry W. Savage launched "The Sultan of Sulu," and opened a bank account for George Ade. This young Western writer had been chiefly remarkable for his wild use of capital letters. He admits now,



that a few librettos and a few plays have swollen that bank account to \$300,000. Figures like these incline readers to think that playwrights have the Midas touch. Mr. Ade could tell them a different story. He has picked out so many losers that now it is his custom to prognosticate evil.

During a calendar year "The Music Master" and "The Lion and The Mouse" filled two New York theatres nightly. They paid their author, Charles Klein, over \$100,000 that year alone. Before their popularity began to wane they had netted nearly a million. Both plays are still giving Mr. Klein a very large income. Two seasons later a play by this writer is said to have cost its producer \$50,000 for its short life, yet another success, "The Third Degree" brought another fortune to its author and manager.

Among the sixty odd plays which the late Clyde Fitch wrote before he died, were many pieces which caused monetary loss to their producers, yet it is estimated that the playwright's gifted pen netted him a fortune of over \$1,500,000 during his comparatively brief career of less than twenty years.

"I believe in my play," said Augustus Thomas, explaining how "The Witching Hour" finally arrived on the stage. In spite of the fact that this author's successful plays far outnumber those that have failed, it was not easy to persuade a manager to believe in this piece, which was found to be one of the popular 'hits' of last season. A strange element, although it did not enter very seriously into the construction, nevertheless frightened them. What Mr. Thomas gained from his proprietary share in this valuable property is not public knowledge, but after eleven months' run in New York his royalty payments exceeded a total of \$50,000. This success was needed to offset the failures of "The Ranger," "Colorado," "The Embassy Ball" and other pieces which were ill-received by the public and saved this author from acquiring a belief that he was infallible.

"Don't take a flat yet" William Gillette advised a member of his company, who wanted a home of her own, "wait until we see that the play is a success." This was at the end of the first week of "Secret Service," the military play which made a fortune for the actor-author.

Any play may fail for reasons outside of itself. By making a false start, like beginning at too slow a tempo, the actors may deaden the play, so that no later accelerated movement will quicken it into life. Actors who have appeared in a failure can tell what made the play fail, but only *after* the event.

Mr. Frohman believes that every play which is not a love story may be successful by a fluke, but is commonly a failure. Mr. Fiske's taste is towards the intellectual and exotic, but in the exercise of it he has built up a valuable clientèle. When Mr. Belasco produces a bad play, he smothers it in roses so that the public rarely appreciates that it is a failure.

"It is a heart-breaking profession" said a playwright who is credited with dramas that have been received with favor. "The rewards are grossly exaggerated. One successful piece has to pay the debts of half a dozen quasi-failures. Compared to an interesting business which brings in a good steady income, playwriting takes second place.

Mr. Paul Potter is recognized by the craft as a technically perfect workman. He loves his profession and devotes all his time to it. With "Trilby" and "The Conquerors" he does not deny that he made a "pot of money," and these two plays had a long life. In spite of the strength several of Mr. Potter's pieces have shown in representations by stock companies, he is not classed among the men who have grown rich from drama-making.

As a matter of fact, only a few dramatists do grow rich, and they have good business heads or good business advisers to help them. The best asset a playwright can have is not the reputation that he has made a great fortune for himself, but that he can make money for his managers. When he acquires this, he may



Moffett, Chicago

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

go about his work confident that if he never touches the million dollar mark, neither will he be suffered to starve. While the choice of authors remains as limited as it is now, he can be sure that his labor will prove not fabulously, but fairly, remunerative.

RICHARD SAVAGE.





MR. JOHN DREW  
After a photograph by Sarony

## Smallest Play Ever Written

**A**MELIA BINGHAM'S appearance in London in "Great Moments from Great Plays," or condensed dramas, as it has been called in Europe, has brought to light the fact that Italy is the country which gave birth to the smallest play ever written. The *Berliner Tageblatt* spoke about Liliputian dramas that were in vogue at one time in Germany. Professor Milan Begovic then called attention to the work of the Italian poet Giovanni Ventura, who is the author of the shortest play ever written. In the forties of the last century his work

was quite in vogue in Italy. It was then that he wrote "Rosmunda" which was produced. Here is the play in full as presented at the time:

### "ROSMUNDA"

Tragedy in Five Acts by  
Giovanni Ventura

#### PERSONS OF THE PLAY

King Albion

Rosmunda, daughter of King  
Kunimond, and wife of  
Albion.

Perideus, a slave

#### ACT I

Albion (*giving Rosmunda the skull of her father filled with wine*): "Drink! It is the skull of your father."

Rosmunda (*horrified*): "Oh!"

Albion (*commanding*): "I wish it!"

Rosmunda (*drinks*): "Woe unto you."

#### ACT II

Albion (*affectionately to Rosmunda*): "Why so sad?"

Rosmunda: "Can I be otherwise?"

Albion: "What is past must be forgotten."

Rosmunda: "Do not touch me."

Albion: "You hate me?"

Rosmunda: "How can I?"

#### ACT III

Rosmunda (*examines closely a stiletto, then calls*): "Slave!"

Perideus (*comes and kneels before her*): "Queen!"

Rosmunda (*passionately*): "I love you."

Perideus (*astonished*): "Oh, my God!"

Rosmunda: "Come with me." (*Embraces him.*)

#### ACT IV

(*From adjoining room, where King Albion sleeps, snoring is heard.*)

Rosmunda (*hands the stiletto to Perideus*): "Go—kill him."

Perideus (*hesitating*): "The King?"

Rosmunda (*quickly*): "The rival."

Perideus (*with determination and courage*): "He shall die. (*Goes determinedly to the sleeping apartment of Albion.*)

#### ACT V

Albion (*with stifled voice, off stage*): "Help."

Rosmunda (*listening*): "Die! Die! Die!"

Perideus (*rushes into the room with the bloody stiletto in hand*): He is dead!

Rosmunda (*snatches the stiletto, and holding it up to heaven, yells*): "Now, you drink, father! Now, you drink!"

#### CURTAIN

After the play was produced in its original form, Ventura enlarged it, making it about ten times as long. It was then played in Turin and in Milano, where it proved very popular.

O. LEONARD.





MISS BILLIE BURKE  
After a photograph by Sarony





ANTON LANG AS THE CHRISTUS IN THE LAST SUPPER, AFTER LEONARDO DA VINCI

## Oberammergau and Its Passion Play

**N**EXT summer the pious peasants of Oberammergau will once more present their Passion Play, as they have done every ten years since early in the seventeenth century, and sightseers from every country under the sun will journey to the picturesque Bavarian village individually, or "personally conducted by Cook's" to witness this unique religious spectacle.

Oberammergau is an anachronism and never more so than in the year of the decennial performance of the Passion Play, for then the modern world pours in upon the little mediæval village.

It is all bustle, where Oberammergau usually spells peace; it is all curiosity and advertising, where the spirit of Oberammergau is distinctly religious. But these simple folk are not to blame; they are not exploiters; they are only instruments in the perpetuation of a pledge which they have, with few interruptions, faithfully maintained since 1634.

One sees Oberammergau at its best before this on-rush begins. The quiet Bavarian hamlet still retains its ancient tone; in its habits, in its architecture, in its purpose, it is naught but a bundle of tradition. Evidences of Roman inheritance are seen in the highway, and Roman blood courses through the veins of these so-called peasants. If you ask them about their history, they will tell you of monastic influence, under the shadow of which the Passion Play developed; if you speak to them of strife, they will recount for you the num-

berless inroads upon Oberammergau—stragglers of invasion intent on larger prey—they will even speak of their soldier-Christ, Joseph Mayr, who stopped rehearsals in 1870, to enlist during the Franco-Prussian War. Their very Passion Play was an incident of invasion, for the man who brought the plague to Oberammergau was a labourer, working among the ruins created by Gustavus Adolphus, hero of the Thirty Years' War. Casper Schuchler was the name of this poor artisan who, feeling the vapours of disease settle upon him, returned, unthinking of the

consequences, to rest among his home folks. His death, and the havoc that followed, brought the Oberammergau peasants upon their knees in supplication for relief. Mediæval faith was simple, and out of this faith came the promise to enact the Passion of Christ every ten years, if only the plague were lifted from Oberammergau. Divine grace fell upon the village, and quickly the first performance was made ready. The very rapidity with which the Passion Play was enacted is sufficient evidence that material was already at hand from which to draw. In fact, if one look closely into the history of Oberammergau, the conclusion will inevitably be reached that the villagers, however simple and primitive, were very early subject to outside influences. From the Convent of Rottenbuch, they learned their chief industry of the present—carving; from Augsburg and Nuremberg, they received still greater



ANTON LANG  
A potter of Oberammergau, who takes the part of Christ in the Passion Play



artistic impulse; and from the former place they drew the manuscript which constitutes the basis for the present production of the Passion Play.

The Passion Play at first only added to the political embarrassment of Oberammergau; many decades were to pass before the performance brought any profit to the villagers, and by that time, long after the dissolution of German monasteries in 1803, the social character of the village had completely changed, for Oberammergau is now a communal group, where, whatever profits accrue from the decennial drama, are distributed for the benefit of the many—in other words, for civic improvement.

The famous drama of Oberammergau is an evolution; it is subject to constant change, though its general character remains the same. The earliest manuscript bears the date 1662; this in itself is a combination of several other texts, among them that of the Meister-singer, Sebastian Wild. The first production was given in the open and within the Church yard, in strict accordance with mediæval custom; after 1674, it was decided to transfer the next date to 1680, so as to have the accustomed decennial form, and the fate of the drama was undisturbed until 1770. Then an interdict stopped all Passion Plays in the Electorate which composed Oberammergau. The villagers made a telling spiritual and worldly plea in their behalf and the ban was removed. But in 1810 Oberammergau was once more halted in the execution of her pledge; the head of the Bavarian ministry opposed all old religious customs as derogatory to the dignity of the church, but no political logic could withstand the sincerity of a spiritual pledge, and through petition the restrictions were again removed.

The renovation of the Oberammergau text, after 1662, resulted in many versions, which sought to overcome objections to the "unseemly." The first rewriting was done by Father Rosner in

1740, when he injected many elements of the morality play into the performance, besides turning the text into Alexandrine verse. Satan, a chief source of amusement in the early plays, no longer treads the Oberammergau boards! Rosner's version made certain demands upon artistic accessories, for he employed music in accordance with Italian models, and exacted certain mechanical

stage assistance.

This was complicated, and so the Oberammergauers called upon Father Magnus Knipfelberger, of Ettal, to modify the Passion Play of 1780. The modern note of simplicity was, however, secured in 1810 by Father Ottmar Weiss, who nonetheless, shows the influence of his predecessors. Finally, the good priest Daisenberger, whose presence still pervades Oberammergau, though he be removed in the flesh since 1883, wrote a modern version. The growth of the theatre building embraces a period from 1820, when the Passion Play was finally removed from the Church yard to a definite abiding place, to 1900, when the large steel structure was thought essential, in view of the growing public interest in the performance. Necessarily the element of time is everywhere detected in the details of the Passion Play. The



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS  
The Christus on this occasion (1890) was Joseph Mayr

costumes for example vary from decade to decade. Until 1803, when the German monasteries were reduced to secular institutions, the Oberammergauers secured the clerical costumes from the church, but slowly it was thought to be advisable for the people to own a theatrical wardrobe as a village asset. This detail has so increased that now there are two sets of costumes, for fair and rainy weather.

It is largely a matter of "seek and you shall find" in Oberammergau. The interest of the village has grown more rapidly than the place itself; the little houses, with their Bible pictures on the outside walls, are not hotels, but homes for very simple people. The tourist comes in holiday spirit, not with any thought of



consecration not as a crusader on a pilgrimage. If a traveler finds lodgings with Christus, who is Anton Lang, the potter, or with Judas, who is Johann Zwink, the painter, he merely wishes his curiosity satisfied. Multiply this humor and you have the predominating outside tone in Oberammergau during the season of its play. A village of a few thousand souls is not sufficiently large to stem the tide that flows in and obscures the real Oberammergau from view!

The Passion Play as performed every ten years, sets forth the life, death and resurrection of Christ. There are seventeen acts. The performance begins at eight o'clock in the morning and lasts until five o'clock in the afternoon, with intermission of two hours for luncheon.

Each act is preceded by an interpretative tableau, prophetic in character and illustrative of Old Testament incident. The seventeen acts are divided into three parts, or divisions, the first embracing "from the entrance of Christus into Jerusalem, until the moment of His being taken prisoner on the Mount of Olives;" the second, "from the arrest on the Mount of Olives to the condemnation by Pilate;" and the third, "from the condemnation by Pilate until the glorious Resurrection of the Lord;" the whole ending with a pictorial tableau of Christ's Ascension. The play is conceived on an enormous scale, full of color in costume, and full of motion in ensemble grouping. Those who have come away with an unfavorable impression, have judged purely by modern standards of theatrical taste, feeling perhaps that the influence of Munich trade, much more than of Munich art, has cheapened and commercialized the Passion Play as much as it ever would have been had the production been taken to England or America. When the spear pierces the body of the Crucified, and the blood sac at the point mechanically bursts, the spectacle is unnecessarily revolting; when the hammer strokes of the executioners are heard off-stage, just before the crucifixion, the realism is not agreeable. But it must be remembered that these Oberammergau peasants do not merely witness or mentally review the life and death of Christ; they actually participate in that life!

This is so true that Johann Zwink, while rehearsing the part of Judas, began to fear that within him really existed characteristics



CHRISTUS (LANG) AND MARY (ANNA FLUNGER)

Christus, Alfred Bierling that of John. Andreas Lang will represent Peter, Ottilia Zwink will be Mary; Maria Mayr, Mary Magdalene; Peter Rendl, Joseph of Arimathea; Wilhelm Lang, Nicodemus; Gregory Breitsamter, Caiaphas; Sebastian Lang, Annas; Rupert Breitsamter, Nathaniel; Johann Zwink, Judas; Sebastian Bauer, Pilate; and Hans Mayr, Herod. Gregory Lechner will recite the prologue and Wilhelm Rutz will represent the Chief Rabbi.

To those at all familiar with former productions, this assignment will be of no small interest. Save that the Christus, the Judas and the Caiaphas are as they were in 1900, the actors are either different or else have been shifted. The name Mayr like that of Lang, represents tradition in Oberammergau. Joseph was the Christus before Anton and he lived to have the rôle taken from him because of advancing years, his last appearance

being as the Prologue, a part assigned now to Gregor Lechner, who once surpassed all others in his characterization of Judas. A long line of Langs are identified with the village; in fact, the cast just announced is simply a new generation of an old tradition rather than a different regime.

All Oberammergauers are not satisfied with the Passion Play as now given; some regard suspiciously the new theatre which has



TABEAU: EXPULSION OF ADAM AND EVE FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN

(Continued on page x)





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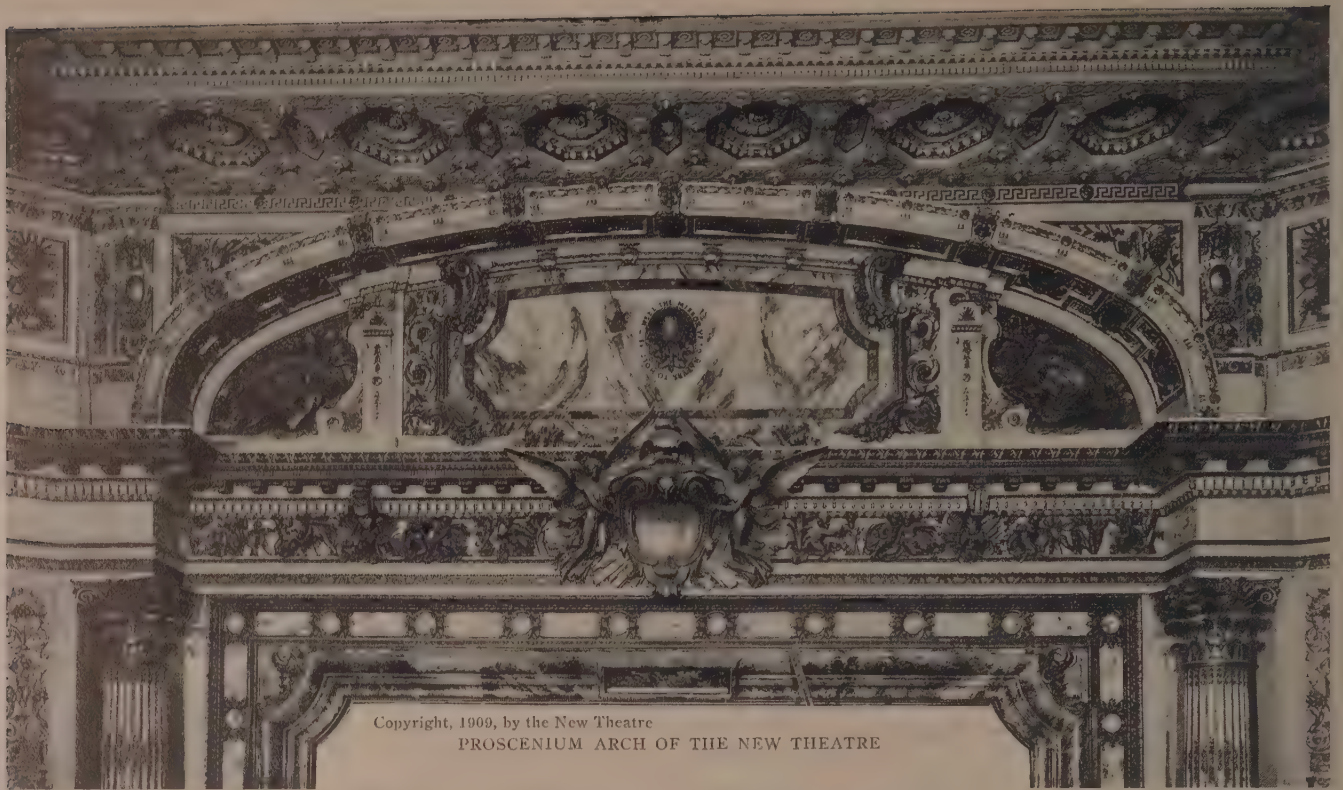
John Stokes

Adelaide Nowak

Act II. "Things will go much better to-night"

SCENE IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' NEW PLAY "THE HARVEST MOON" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE





## The New Theatre

THE New Theatre, on Central Park West and sixty-second street, inaugurated its first season Monday night, November 8 last, with a sumptuous revival of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." A tremendous audience, one of the most brilliant and representative ever assembled in a New York playhouse, witnessed the opening performance, a critical review of which appears elsewhere in this issue. Splendid as was the decorative Shakespearian production, excellent as was the acting, chief interest naturally centered on the beautiful appointments of this new and magnificent home of drama, the most gorgeously and lavishly equipped theatre that has ever been erected in the United States. The history of the movement which has resulted in the building of the New Theatre should be familiar to all. Briefly, it is the outcome of agitation started half a century ago by thoughtful writers and players for a theatre which should be governed by considerations other than those of the box office. More than a decade ago Henry Austin Clapp, the well-known dramatic critic, urged the establishment in one of our largest cities "of a theatre dedicated to the higher culture of the histrionic art which should be supported or "backed" by the munificence of two or more men of great wealth and proportionate intelligence—even as the Symphony Orchestra in Boston is maintained by one public-spirited gentleman." The idea gained adherents and a few years ago, under the leadership of Joseph I. C. Clarke, poet and dramatist, was organized the National Art Theatre Society, comprising a

thousand or more intelligent theatregoers, all pledged to further the cause of a National Theatre. This worthy movement died for lack of sustenance, and much of its thunder was borrowed by the late Heinrich Conried, who, while manager of the Metropolitan Opera House presented the idea to the wealthy directors—the Vanderbilts, Astors, Whitneys, Schiffs, Goulds, Belmonts, etc.—as a practical undertaking which might be conducted in connection with grand opera. While the proposed playhouse was to be the home of legitimate drama, there were certain nights when light opera or opéra comique, could be given with the singers of the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Conried for a long time cast about for a suitable name, he, himself, rather favoring the name "Metropolis Theatre." It was the THEATRE MAGAZINE which suggested to him the name "New Theatre," and this was finally adopted.

That, in a nutshell, is the genesis of this important enterprise, which, of course, is not national in any sense except in that it will enlist the services of the best and highest in American art. The founders promise that it shall be conducted on the lines of the Comédie Française in Paris, that a fine stock company shall be maintained and that its policies shall never be dictated by commercialism. If only part of these golden promises are fulfilled, a new era of the drama has dawned in America.

Considerable latitude was allowed Messrs. Carrère & Hastings in the construction of the theatre. Before drawing the plans the architects visited and closely studied



Copyright, 1900, by the New Theatre  
PAINTING BY PAUL BAUDRY IN THE CENTRE OF THE AUDITORIUM CEILING  
Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt took from his ballroom three famous Baudry paintings, of which the above is one, and presented them to the New Theatre



the representative theatres abroad and took from each the best points. Not only did they consider beauty and convenience, but they paid particular attention to sight-lines, with the result that every seat in the house commands an excellent view of the stage. The entire building is not, as is usually the case, given over to the auditorium and the stage, thereby sacrificing the possibility of architectural effect, but instead, conforms more nearly to the Continental type in which the stage and audience room occupy but a moderate portion of the whole. Thus it has been possible to provide for a commodious foyer, two grand staircases, retiring and smoking rooms, a tea room, restaurant, buffet, offices for the Directorate and staff, scores of entrances and exits, numerous circulations and vestibules and a Founders room, green room and library.

Viewed from the approaches along Central Park West, the structure is both dignified and imposing. It is of clear gray Indiana limestone, occupying an entire block frontage between Sixty-second and Sixty-third streets. Although the theatre is modern, it is somewhat in the spirit of the Italian Renaissance of the late sixteenth century, and reminds one in a degree of the Sansovino Library in the Piazza di San Marco. From the cornerstone, laid more than a year ago, to the delightful roof garden and terrace with which the structure is capped, it is a playhouse in every sense of the word.

The front entrances are on the park side, while the carriage entrances are on Sixty-second and Sixty-third streets. By this arrangement there will be no crowding or confusion, either before or after the play. Once within, the effect is simple, majestic and artistic, rather than gaudy and sumptuous. A trip through the building, taken for the first time, might lead the visitor to believe he was delving in the hidden recesses of some mystic labyrinth, but in reality the house is exceedingly simple and so planned that the auditorium and countless rooms can be emptied in three minutes. Fifty odd stairways lead to the streets or lobbies; exit doors, without number, can be opened by the pressure of a woman's hand, and the stage and dressing rooms above can be instantly flooded with water from automatic sprinklers should necessity arise.

The ground floor, as in all latter-day playhouses, embodies the orchestra, or main auditorium, but here the similarity ceases. Not only have the sight-lines been studied with the idea of obtaining an exquisite, harmonious effect without impairing the conditions for seeing and hearing, but the orchestra and balconies have been surrounded with circulations, calculated to contribute to the enjoyment and comfort of the playgoer. Standing on the stage, the auditorium stretches away in an ellipse, the long axis of which is parallel to the proscenium arch. Under this arrangement, which follows the precedent of the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth, the centre box is no further from the stage than the last seat in the orchestra in the usual theatre. In other words the auditorium is the shape of half an egg with the proscenium arch in the centre of the straight line. Along the curved line rise the Founders' boxes, the foyer stalls and first and second balconies in a receding field of driftwood, gray and dull Roman gold, the predominating color notes in the decorations.

The floor pitches at a moderate angle toward the stage, so it has not been necessary to raise the boxes greatly. They are, in fact, but four feet above the level of the orchestra floor, making it quite possible for one to chat with the occupants from the floor during intermission. The boxes are twenty-three in number and correspond to the "Golden Horseshoe" at the Metropolitan Opera House, but instead of a second tier above them, as was originally planned, there are six rows of foyer stalls. The boxes accommodate six persons each and are divided by tapestries from the tiny parlors in the rear. These parlors, in turn, open into a private hall from which short flights of stone steps lead either to the main foyer and circulation on the mezzanine floor, or to the corridor on the ground floor. The hangings of boxes and parlors are in a rich cerise and the balustrades of a royal gold bronze, elevated on a Broche violette marble base with marble dies. The



Copyright by the New Theatre

GUESTS' BOX IN THE NEW THEATRE

foyer stalls are also done in cerise. Above the stalls are the first balcony seats and over them the chairs of the second balcony. In the arrangement of all the seats, whether they be in the orchestra or in the balconies, great care has been taken to provide ample space for comfort. The aisles are of unusual width and the chairs are of a late pattern and placed on enough of a pitch to insure every playgoer seeing the entire stage without interfer-





ence from the person in front of him.

The delightful tonal effects are most pleasing when viewed from any part of the auditorium and add much to the beauty of the house. The color scheme of driftwood gray and gold is quiet in the extreme and not only suggests dignified simplicity but a due regard for tradition. Moreover, the relief has been studied to interpret the architectural design, so that the gray is sometimes seen on a heavy gold background, and again the gold predominates on a background of gray. To further the effect the carpets are in cerise and the proscenium arch is framed in greenish-tinged Conemara marble. Over the arch is the theatre's crest, two masks with a looking glass in the centre bearing the motto, "To Hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature." Conemara tablets along the walls and under the dome are inscribed with the names of fourteen great dramatists.

The auditorium is surrounded on each floor by a broad corridor, which forms a circulation to be used between acts as well as in entering and leaving the playhouse. On the ground floor, access is obtained to this through many vestibules and entrances, some of which lead directly to the corridor and others to the boxes, stairways and balconies, or to other parts of the house. At the corners are two monumental, spiral staircases of great beauty. Each is double, one flight being directly over the other and makes the ascent without meeting.

As the boxes are raised four feet from the orchestra floor, they are reached from the main corridor by ascending a half flight of stone steps. This brings one to the private hall, which in turn, leads to the small parlor in the rear of the box. From the top of this half flight of steps, the main foyer is reached by ascending another flight of equal length.

It is this foyer, by-the-way, which will contain the majority of the art works to be exhibited from time to time. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt took from the ceiling of his ballroom three famous Baudry paintings and gave them to the theatre, and he then gave the additional money necessary to beautify the room. The foyer is constructed of rich Sienna marble and gold and has at either end an orchestra platform cut off by the arches which will be used by the orchestra during intermissions whenever dramatic performances are given.

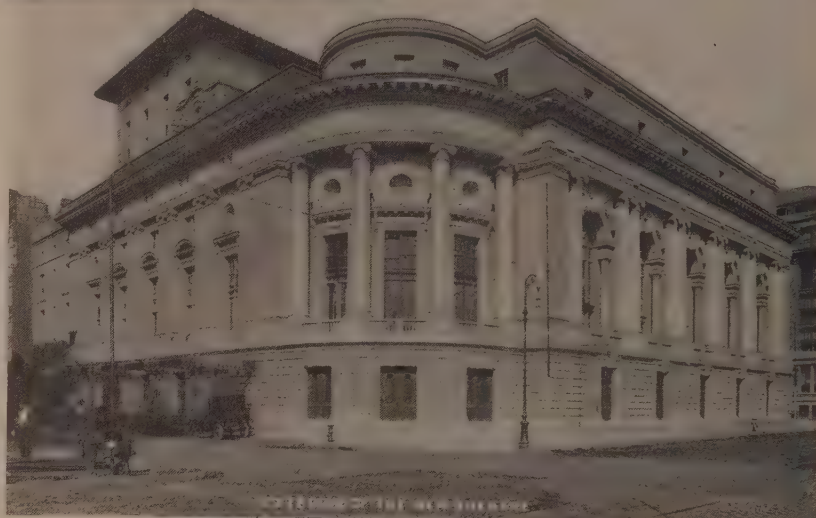
At one end of the circulation on the same floor as the foyer, is a tea room daintily done in a Wedgewood effect, the predominant colors being pale green and white. Here tea will be served to those who so desire, during the entré actes. At the other end of the circulation is the women's retiring room, pleasantly decorated in a similar manner. The windows upon this floor front on Central Park West, and as

the park is but a few feet away, plenty of fresh air may be had without recourse to the enormous plant which automatically supplies the theatre with fresh hot and cooled air as occasion requires.

The circulations in the rear of the first and second balconies are commodious and intended to be used as promenades during intermissions. On one floor is the Founders Room, splendidly fitted, and on the other, the library. The former has been furnished by the Founders themselves and is remarkable for

its taste and beauty. The library for the players, which adjoins the dressing rooms, is a model of its kind and has oak bookcases, rising from the floor to the ceiling. The books, will include standard works on the drama, books of reference and volumes devoted to art. Many have been given the institution, while others have been purchased.

The top floor of the theatre in the front is devoted to a picturesque roof garden, which at the present time is used for rehearsals. This garden, which will delight the eye of all lovers of the beautiful, sets back a bit from the terrace overlooking Central Park.



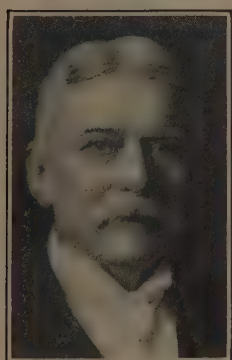




Moffett, Chicago

MARY MANNERLING, WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN A NEW PLAY CALLED "A MAN'S WORLD"

## How a Locomotive Helped a Prima Donna



STEPHEN FISKE

**Y**EARS ago, with the boldness of an ancient prophet, I was crying in the wilderness that grand opera in English would be performed, some day, in the great opera houses of London and New York. But, like the ancient prophet, I had no idea of living long enough to find the prediction come true.

I was then the director of the Royal English Opera Company, with Rose Hersee as prima donna and Parkinson as my Caruso—though he was more like Jean de Reské in appearance, acting, and style of singing.

We toured the British provinces quietly and not unprofitably, making no great sensation and not much money, but satisfying critical audiences and paying salaries.

When a London season was proposed, to put the stamp of the metropolis upon our repertoire, we did not go to Covent Garden, but to the Standard Theatre in Shoreditch, an immense building that corresponds to our old Bowery Theatre in location and traditions.

For London, and especially for so large an auditorium, it was decided to strengthen the company. Rose Hersee—who is still alive, teaching the art that she knows so well—was a brilliant light soprano, of the Patti school. By way of contrast, I engaged

By **STEPHEN FISKE**

a heavy dramatic soprano of the German school—Mme. Rudersdorf, the mother of Richard Mansfield.

The people around Shoreditch love good music, and "Trovatore," with Mme. Rudersdorf, appealed to them. Though the prices were small, the largeness of the theatre and the audience made up for them, and I felt that the Royal English Opera Company had conquered London.

Then I was summoned behind the scenes.

Mme. Rudersdorf, like her son, the future tragedian, did her acting on and off the stage. She was in costume for her character, but refused to allow the overture to be played until she had received her salary for the night. The argument that her salary was not due until the end of the week had no more effect upon her than a summer breeze upon the Rock of Gibraltar. "My money—not a cheque, but my money—or I do not sing a note!" was her ultimatum.

Without wasting words, I went to the boxoffice, counted out the night's salary, just as it had come in at the doors—pennies, threepences, sixpences, shillings, half-crowns and a rare half-sovereign—put it into a bag, took it to the star dressingroom, and said:

"There, Madame, is your money; but if you keep the stage waiting while you count it you will be fined."

The threat was futile, but it preserved the dignity of the director of the Royal English Opera Company.

Loud and long applause greeted Mme. Rudersdorf. She



sang and acted splendidly. The regular members of the company seemed inspired by her. If my critical ear detected that her tones were metallic, this may have been a reminiscence of the bag of coins. Throughout the whole evening the performance was more than a success—it was a triumph.

Madame was singing her final solo. She ended with a high note, swelled it, held it, prolonged it, until the audience went wild with enthusiasm. Yet the note was held, gradually diminishing, but powerful. Mme. Rudersdorf crumpled into a dead faint as the curtain fell—but the note was sustained as if in a distant diminuendo.

I ordered Madame to be carried to her dressing-room, and she was overwhelmed with congratulations as she was recovering. But she shivered with superstitious fright. When she was left

## THE ACTRESS

Lost, a woman's inner self amid her subtil changes,  
As upon a lavish stage through her parts she ranges.  
Here a rôle, there a rôle, swift from joy to sorrow;  
Only this to-day, then sleep—and the same to-morrow!

Where are you, you lovely thing, her real self most truly?  
You are not the page she plays, hoydenish, unruly:  
You are not her Julietta nor her Imogene;  
You are not Ophelia, nor an erring queen!

You are just a pallid wraith, just a might-have-been,  
Forgotten while the actress moves, on from scene to scene.  
Lost, lost—a woman's self from a woman's heart;  
Never mind it, let it go—it would hamper Art!

CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

alone with me for a moment, she gripped my arm and hissed:

"I did not hold that note. It was witchcraft. I am sorry that I annoyed you about the money."

Revenge is sweet, and I never revealed to Mme. Rudersdorf the secret of that wonderful solo.

John Douglass, the proprietor of the Standard Theatre, had sold a bit of the stage to the Great Eastern Railway. A train passed, near the close of the opera, and the locomotive whistle happened to be keyed on the same note as Mme. Rudersdorf's strident voice.

If I could have engaged that Wagnerian locomotive for a tour of the provinces, the Royal English Opera Company would have enriched all concerned. We went to Dublin and wooed wealth by interpolating *The Wearing of the Green* in "The Bohemian Girl."



Geo. C. Staley

Edward Martindel

Robt. T. Haines

Frederick Watson

Bruce McRae

Act II. Colonel Archer (Bruce McRae): "Sheriff, remove your prisoner"

SCENE IN THEODORE BURT SAYRE'S AMERICAN MILITARY DRAMA, "THE COMMANDING OFFICER"



# The Actor in the Street

"YOU want to know whether or not I ever run down my stage characters in real life. Shakespeare answered that question long before you or I were even thought of, when he wrote, 'All the world's a stage and men and women merely players.' Any thoughtful actor is bound to absorb a part from people he sees and meets in actual life."

It was George Arliss who spoke. The actor sat in his dressing room at the Hackett Theatre, making up for the performance of "Septimus."

"Where did you find Septimus?"

"Septimus just grew," he answered. "Nevertheless, while the character is a composite of many different persons I have observed in various places, I did find two men after whom I largely patterned the part. It happened in an odd way, too. Mrs. Arliss and I were strolling along a pretty little lane in the South of England, this summer, when we came upon a rather queer-looking one-story house on the edge of a place called Chipping Norton, near Oxford. Seeing no one about, I climbed over the low hedge around the place and peered into the windows on the garden side. You may imagine my surprise, when my eyes fell upon the interior of a large, low-ceilinged room filled with everything from an old plow to a grand piano. Over the bed there hung a huge fish net, from which were suspended weapons of every description and age. While I stood meditating what manner of man lived in such a messy place, a man whom I had never seen before, yet whom I felt that I knew, came trudging up the hillside, with his hat in his hand, his up-standing hair glistening in the sunshine.

"I always lose my train," he said, as he came up to where I stood.

"How do you manage to get anywhere, then?" I asked him.

"That's easy—I wait for the next train," replied the serious-looking individual.

"Then he wandered vaguely into his cottage without another word. I tried to think where I had seen him and who he was—Septimus! Could it be possible, a Septimus in actual life? At that time I had only read the book, I had not received the manuscript of the play. I decided to linger in Chipping Norton for awhile to watch this living Septimus. Presently he came out of the cottage with a pair of boots in one hand and a bottle in the other, and began to polish the boots. When he had about finished with one boot, our Septimus dropped it and ran into the cottage. Now lost to view, I was half tempted to go over to where he had left his boots to see if the bottle contained some new kind of 'cure'! Anyway, here was a Septimus. From him I picked up the peculiar gait I use throughout the play, as well as the way I drop my head at intervals.

"Later, in Paris, in a café in Montparnasse, I again saw a chap who had a touch of Septimus. He was a different sort than I had seen at Chipping Norton. This fellow was both wild and dead, if that be possible in a man at one time. He was an absinthe devotee. His manner of speech caught my ear, and I listened to

his rambling talk for hours. Then, too, his eyes gleamed as I had pictured those of a man like Septimus would do. Would you believe it, I could hardly see straight when I got up to leave the café. My eyes felt as if they were going to jump out of their sockets. It was because of the vacant, yet burning look in that fellow's eyes, into which I had looked so long."

"You did not have to look so far for a living Septimus," said the interviewer.

"What do you mean?" demanded the actor.

"Why, you are Septimus, you, your whole being, off the stage as well as on."

"That's strange! I have come to be known as a villain, and you could hardly call Simple Septimus by that name," replied Mr. Arliss. "I did not ask to be a villain, I drifted into villainy. Mr. Belasco is, perhaps, mainly responsible for my depraved condition, because he started me on the downward path, when he placed me hand in hand with 'The Darling of the Gods.' My experience is that an actor never chooses his line of business. Some men are very obviously suited for straight juvenile parts, and nothing else; others are equally marked down by nature for the kind of character popularly known as the 'silly ass.'

"These actors are likely to settle down into their line of business early in their careers, but the character actor becomes a villain by force of circumstances. He may remain a villain for years, then suddenly he will blossom forth into a perfectly sweet, old gentleman with white hair. For years, the character actor will play all kinds of parts, and sooner or later—assuming that he is a good actor—he will be intrusted with a good part. By chance, the part is a villain.

"It is perfectly natural, that when a manager sees him as a villain, and a good villain, he should say to himself: 'This man could play the villain in that piece I am doing next season,' or that

the author, sitting in front, should say: 'Ah, here is the man who could do credit to my big scene.' And so he drifts into villains. If that part had been a clergyman, and an equally good part, he might have played clergyman parts indefinitely.

"By the time the character actor has attained a position that enables him to more or less choose his parts, he as a rule is a fairly good judge of the kind of thing he can do best. Then he seldom chooses villains because they are villains, but because they give him a better scope for acting than any other part. The villain, after all, is generally the most interesting person in the play. He is always bent on getting something that every right-minded individual thinks he has no business to have, and it is interesting to see how near he comes to getting it."

In private life Mr. Arliss is one of the most exemplary citizens, yet on the stage he is a perfect devil! As His Satanic Majesty, last year, he won his spurs as a star of the first magnitude.

"Of course, I did not have to look very far for a living proto-



Otto Sarony Co.

GEORGE ARLISS

Now appearing as the hero of W. J. Locke's novel "Septimus"





Bangs

MABEL HITE

Popular young actress now appearing in vaudeville

type of this character, I simply went on the stage and 'acted like any gentlemanly Devil would.'"

It will be remembered that in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," one of the characters, upon seeing the Duke of St. Olpherts, exclaims: "Damn that smile of his!"

The woman in the case then says:

"Why—that's a beautiful face! How strange!"

For even then Arliss was a Devil! In building up his portrayal of St. Olpherts, Mr. Arliss spent much time in the House of Lords and in the neighborhood of the Bank of England.

"St. Olpherts," he explained, "was the wreck of a very handsome man, with a touch of the gout, and I found several good models to mould the stage character from. I spent considerable time 'amongst a handful of frowsy folks, who cracked nuts and blasphemed,' at the old Iron Hall in Carter Street, London. There I found a man of polished manner and tattered clothes, who limped gracefully while walking with the aid of a cane. Would you believe it, it took me the longest while, to get to limp the way he did, and he limped just the way I had pictured in my mind that St. Olpherts would do. Never having limped myself, I had to watch how the other fellow did it, and then do the same. Afterwards, I often thought that the people cared more for my limping, than for what I had to say. In this connection, however, I owe much to a dream that I once had, and remembered. I had

succeeded John Hare as the Duke of St. Olpherts, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and I felt that there was a part that should bring out the best in me, and give me my opportunity. Somehow, try as hard as I could, I knew I was not doing myself justice.

"One night I dreamed that a chap came to me gripping a big stick. 'The trouble with you, is that you are playing the part like this,' he said, shaking the stick with his fist. 'What you should do is to hold it like this.' With that he let the cane swing gingerly between two fingers.

"The simile was perfect. I saw wherein I had failed and took the lesson to heart. To this day, when I feel that I am getting my teeth in a rôle, I remember the stick in the dream and relax. I owe my unknown dream visitor the greatest debt of gratitude."

"My impersonation of Ulric Brendel, in Ibsen's 'Rosmersholm' I took from life," went on the actor. "While I had formed my own notion of how this part should be played, still, there was something lacking, I knew not exactly what. One day, as I had often done before, I threaded my way around to the British Museum and went into the old Museum Tavern, opposite. Sitting at a table was an exact counterpart of Ibsen's Brendel. This man was always making wonderful discoveries in the Museum, unearthing old legends, and tracing ancient history by means of the scrolls on antique pottery and other things. He would go into the reading room and return to the tavern with a new score of Mendelssohn. He had a wonderful flow of language, and would be perfectly contented if anyone would sit down and listen to him. He was one of those human derelicts, a failure. He had even been on the stage, and he was the most 'stagey' person I ever saw. He was all gestures, and wore his hair long. Whenever he could get a couple of pennies together, he would drink hot rum and forget his troubles. At other times he would drink simply water and sugar and bemoan his fate.

"As I studied the part, more and more did this human wreck fit in with it, and I went often to the Museum Tavern and studied his ways. I treated the hot rum, and he gave me a different kind of a treat. He wore a frock coat, that had belonged to someone else of greater size, and a greasy felt hat, and carried a walking-stick in his right hand. As was his custom, he greeted me like this, 'How do you do? You very well? And how's your father? Well? Yes, that's good. Oh, Arliss, a shilling till Wednesday? Ah, thanks! What time is it now? Remember, till Wednesday.' He was a real literary ghost, and he formed not only the skeleton for my stage characterization of Brendel, but, I might say, I transplanted him, clothes and all, upon the stage."



Daily Mirror, London

FORBES ROBERTSON IN HIS STUDY



## At the Opera House

WITH pageant, spectacle, lavish scenery, stage bands and pomp, the Manhattan Opera House flung wide its doors for the opening of the grand opera season. The opera was Jules Massenet's "Herodiade," a work that is well-known abroad where French is spoken and sung, but which has been entirely unknown in this country, save for concert excerpts, until Oscar Hammerstein pluckily imported it for the opening of his season.

Even a half-blind man could have guessed, at the premiere, why other operatic managers had not allowed this score to scorch the tips of their producing fingers. The reason? It takes a fortune to mount "Herodiade." There are seven scenes, a collection of star singers and an army of choristers required. And the night is gone by in New York, when the opera producer can hang up a piece of canvas and tell the audience to believe that it is the glittering interior of a temple during the heyday of Jerusalem. No, present day operatic audiences have grown as critical of the scenic settings as have theatregoers—and even more so.

There is nothing scant about Oscar Hammerstein's production of this work. The scenes are effectively beautiful, all of them; and the big sets are rather wonderful pictures. Especially the temple interior was striking in architecture and color scheme; and the moment when the sacred veil was parted, precipitated applause from the spectators. In costuming, colors have been used with lavish hand and the variety is so great that no eye could find monotony; and the ballet was picturesque.

From all this, you may surmise that "Herodiade" is more an opera for the eye, than for the ear. It certainly is that Massenet is ever clever—but this is not his cleverest work. It reminds the listener that years ago, Massenet was christened "Mlle Wagner" in Paris; but to New York, the other night he sounded "Mme. Meyerbeer née Wagner."

The solos like "Il est doux" and the more celebrated "Vision fugitive" were familiar already to those who had haunted concert rooms. They proved to be the best part of the work so far as detail is concerned. In mass effects there are many moments when sounding brass and big bass drum dominate—but they leave a vacuum in the memory of the hearer. Sweet sentiment is voiced at frequent intervals and the dulcet strains of the solo violin are aptly employed to wring occasional throbs from the musically young and impressionable. Still, there is a lot of interest in the opera; and the graceful tunes that are, cling caressingly to the ear.

It was very well sung. Lina Cavalieri, as Salome, has improved very much, and she surprised both friends and critics. She is by no means a ravishing singer yet, and does not command a wealth of voice, or a beauty of tone, that are irresistible; but she has learned to gauge her powers and make her effects legitimately. And she looked a fascinating picture.

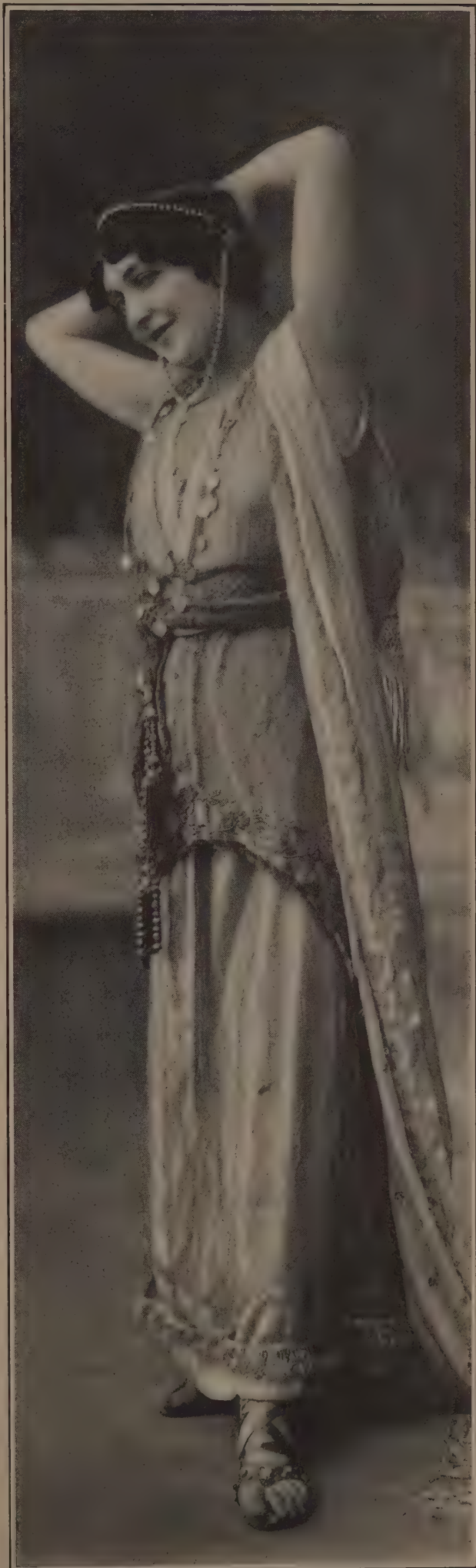
As Herodias, Gerville-Reache was very effective vocally, although the part is sentimentally a thankless one.

Maurice Renaud found numberless opportunities for the display of his art. He acted and posed artistically, and altogether his Herod was a fine figure and a picturesque one. He sang extremely well. So did Charles Dalmores, the John. He was convincing in mood and mien, and he made his big vocal climaxes ring and ring until they brought down applause. Mr. Crabbe was acceptable as Vitellius and there was an important newcomer, Vallier, a new basso. He sang Phanuel and displayed a fine sonority of voice. He did not only rumble, but he proved that there was beauty of tone still possible in bassos.

The new conductor, Henriquez de la Fuente, was the recipient of applause. He wields a long baton in energetic sweeps and he coaxes sentiment out of the players, insisting upon many nuances. His climaxes are well constructed too; and he seems altogether to be a refined and interesting leader.

Oscar Hammerstein had to make a speech in which he frankly said that he was doing his best for the cause of music and would continue to do so during the season. It was an imposing beginning, especially for those who insist upon seeing opera as well as hearing it.

There must needs be made here, a final mention of Oscar Hammerstein's preliminary season of opera, which closed a week before the



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MME. CAVALIERI IN "HERODIADE"



regular season began. It contained the interesting experiment of opera sung in English—a project that is the subject of sermon and conjecture. Idealists, suffering from an overheated love for the English language in song, sit and cry their hearts out because the stages of our opera houses are the platforms for the sung word in German, French and Italian. "Why not opera in English?" is their lament. And probably Oscar Hammerstein said: "Why not?" And then he went and did it—in his own characteristic way.

"The Bohemian Girl" was selected and tried on the several audiences; and it must be confessed that the public rose to the occasion. Full houses and applause were features of these few English performances. Of course no one could tell definitely, whether it was the burning desire to hear a language sung that could be understood by the masses, or whether it was the good, old-fashioned tunefulness of Balfe's opera. The well-worn favorites like, "The heart bowed down," "I Dreamt that I dwelt" and all the rest of the ancient tunes that used to stir our maiden aunts to tears, they were all in evidence, and were heartily and sentimentally received.

It was a pretty good performance. Some of the singers had scarcely more than a flirting acquaintance with the English language, but they were in the minority. Lalla Miranda is a New Zealander and she sang the rôle of Arline, with scarcely no accent, while Henry Scott, as Count Arnheim, employed admirable diction and delivered his phrases in King's English that no American need have been ashamed of. Domenico Russo was Thaddeus and he had trouble with some of the words as they went over the vocal hurdle. Harry Davies was Florestein, and George Shields was Devilshoof, and both of them were at home in the language and in their rôles.

For the final night of this season there was a hurrah and a quadruple bill of opera. Before a house that was jammed to the point of suffocation, Oscar Hammerstein delivered a speech. He



Mishkin  
MARIETTE MAZARIN  
French dramatic soprano as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," at the Manhattan Opera House

admitted that he had lost fifty thousand dollars during this preliminary season—but as he had expected to lose seventy-five thousand, he considered himself twenty-five thousand dollars to the good. That is the apotheosis of philosophy. But he said that he was determined to continue the idea, and that next year there would be another season of nine weeks, to precede the regular opera season.

That was the finale of a noble experiment. In it the indefatigable impresario tried out the public's taste and he must have proved certain things to his own satisfaction. The public was the gainer by the venture. Probably it says a silent "thank you."

And then the concert season. It really began with the straggling days of October, but it struck its tuneful pace by the first of November. Since then there has been no rest for listening ears, and there will be none until the late spring, which now seems a million melodious miles of time away. Concert hall, recital room and even theatre are pressed into service to spread their sheltering roofs over concert givers. Only the very young, the impossibly old and the deaf may escape—all the rest are doomed to

hear the greatest and most interesting list of musical events that ever mortal ears were asked to feast upon. Within the confines of these spaces, a complete chronicle is impossible. So, then, for the most important happenings thus far.

First of all, there is the beloved Philharmonic Society. For about a decade, this oldest body of orchestral players here, has been the butt of jokes. They had grown to three score of years and their inspiration had been supplanted by gray hairs. They played when they had, and just as if they had to. They changed conductors as often as a Beau Brummel changes his coat; artificial means were employed to pump new interest into the organization—all to no avail, save for the moment. Then, last spring, they were rudely awakened. Money was subscribed to put the

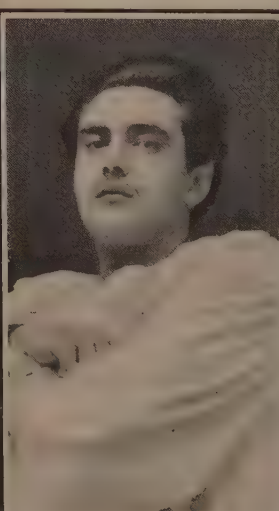
(Continued on page xii)



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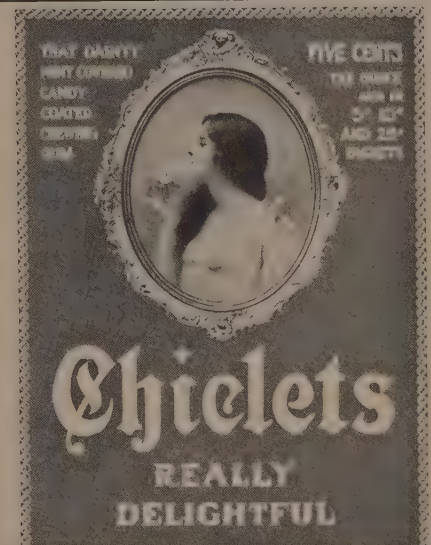
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## Oberammergau's Passion Play

(Continued from page 192)

been built to accommodate the visitors rather than to increase any spiritual value in the drama or in its manner of acting. The whole structure was conceived by Munich engineers and machinists; the pictorial effects of moving clouds, of lightning and thunder, of rich costumes, take away from the religious fervor of the play and place it upon a level with other spectacular presentations on the same scale. The arrangement of the stationary scene to-day is not unlike the old mediæval "stations." The four thousand spectators who can fill the auditorium see the house of Annas and the house of Pilate to the right and left, as well as gates at the head of streets leading behind stage. The centre is reserved for moving scenery. Here one finds the only drop curtain, painted after the manner of Michael Angelo. And it were well to state that much of the grouping in the Oberammergau Passion Play is based upon conscious study. "The Last Supper" in arrangement is a replica of Leonardo da Vinci. Madame Diemer, in her interesting book on "Oberammergau and Its Passion Play," writes: "I believe that, Flunger excepted [he was the *Christus* of 1850], there has been no such typical and truly German embodiment of the 'Nazarene' during the whole of the century as in Anton Lang. When he is hanging on the cross it is just as if the wonderful picture of the Crucifixion by Overbeck in the Rosmini-*anum* at Stresa were before us." Certainly, the moment of the Descent from the Cross is the epitome of art. One forgets to watch the ingenious manner in which Anton Lang is bound.

While every scene in the play centres upon the person of Christ, the rôle of Christ is not long, as speaking parts go. The most vivid characterization is that of Judas, and one obtains the greatest theatrical effects from the ensembles and the small personages; it is the *spiritual quietness* of the Christ which has more power than words. No outward show moves these actors of the Oberammergau Passion Play; the whole significance is bound up in the idea!

This community, with its pledge, has been accused of being mercenary. The charge is hasty. One must consider that these wood carvers, painters, potters, masons and teachers live for ten years between performances; that they have their children to train, their homes to maintain, their sick to care for, their tradition to foster. In order to house the outside world they must needs expend care, labor and capital, and, when all is over, most of their profits must be spent in improvements of highways and sanitation, in the securing of education, and in the establishment of institutions for the good of all. After everything was thus proportioned the community of Oberammergau in 1890, for example, found itself richer by 560 marks!!

We are approaching the decennial performance of the Passion Play; already are the rehearsals in process, while in the spare time wood carvers are making crosses and going their accustomed ways. It must seem strange—this preparation to receive the world outside; yet the peasants work in no spirit of greed, with no desire for notoriety, but as ancient missionaries, prompted by a "call." Once Anton Lang asked to come to America, not to play the Passion but for another purpose. The matter was laid before the town council, grave men touched with the white of years, dulled to all save an unshakable realization of God's word. "My son," they said to Anton, "go if you are called." The Christ knew what that meant. Some other would replace him in 1910, besides which he felt that within him was the human craving to see the world without, so different in purpose and in energy from the tourists whom he knew. Oberammergau is an anachronism. Far better would it have been had the Passion Play not become widely known. For some day the mind of the Bavarian peasants will grow restive, and mediævalism will give way before "the spirit of the age."

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### Books Received

GRIEG AND HIS MUSIC. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company. London: John Lane, the Bodley Head. 317 pp. Cloth. \$2.50 net.  
THE THIRD CIRCLE. By Frank Norris. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50.  
OFFICIAL THEATRICAL GUIDE. By Julius Cahn. XIV Volume. Publication Office: Empire Theatre Building, New York. Cloth. \$1.00.  
ELIZABETH VISITS AMERICA. Novel by Elinor Glyn. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Company.  
ROSES. Four one-act plays by Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Grace Frank. Cloth. 182 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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### At the Opera House

(Continued from page 202)

orchestra on a permanent basis, Gustav Mahler was elected conductor for a term of years; the roster of plays was carefully weeded out, new musicians were engaged and the promise sent forth was that this orchestra would now be on an artistic and business basis. Its first concert this season proved that we have every right to expect great things from the Philharmonics. Mahler rules them with a flexible steel hand. He knows what he wants, and he gets it. The body of tone is much improved in quality, and precision is one of a feature of the playing of this orchestra. It is by no means perfect—how could it be? But it is easy to hear that with continued rehearsal this will be a great orchestra. The first programme was most serious and unsensational, Beethoven's "Consecration of the House" Overture and his Third Symphony, Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," and Liszt's "Mazeppa." No soloist to mar the scheme or to divert the attention of the large audience. Mahler was honored by applause and a wreath. He is a great little man of tremendous artistic intellect and of compelling energy. When he gets quite through with the Philharmonics that person facetiously known as "Old Subscriber" will not recognize the orchestra.

Among recitals the chief novelty was the American debut of Tilly Koenen, a Dutch contralto, who is quite famous abroad. She is an artistic singer, more effective in the daintier numbers than she is in the big dramatic moments, although both emotional extremes are within her range. The voice is scarcely one of booming depth, but its quality is good and the singer uses it well. Most delightful of all her numbers were some Dutch nursery songs, by Catherina van Rennes, sung in Dutch. That language can scarcely hardly be called beautiful when it is rolled under and off the tongue in song, but the printed slip of words that accompanied the programmes proved that it sounded infinitely better than it looked.

Another newcomer was Yolando Méro, a Hungarian pianist. She chose to make her American bow to the accompaniment of an orchestra, and chose also to play not less than two whole concerti, one by Chopin and the other by Liszt. Digital skill and flexible wrists and certain flashy display motions of arms and hands were the main features. Plenty of temperament, little poetry and abundant force were next in consideration. With closed eyes and wide-open ears the listener might have supposed that the player was a man or a suffragette. Perhaps in recital she will plead with her instrument for more luscious tone rather than insisting upon so much volume of sound. Her accompaniments and incidental numbers were played by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Modest Altschuler. They made rough, crashing sounds that added not one bit to the artistic beauty of the occasion.

Several old favorites have returned and have recited in music. Marcella Sembrich, Johann Gadski, Schumann-Heink, Fritz Kreisler and Ludwig Wüllner are numbered among these. The former well-known soprano gave her annual recital and sang brilliantly. A long and varied programme interested her listeners and encores were added by the singer.

Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist returned after a year's absence just to prove anew that he is a very great artist. In a brace of recitals he gave more than ample evidence of his mastery in scholarly compositions and of his wonderfully interesting way of playing the more pleasing and lighter writings. Among the latter there were a few bits of his own—a Caprice Viennois and a Tambourin Chinois that were fascinating and clever.

Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, the giant of interpretation, also gave his initial recital of the season. He brought with him no more voice than he had on earlier occasions, but his readings again sent thrills and chills down the spines of his impressionable listeners.

Another cargo of music lovers filled Carnegie Hall to hear Schumann-Heink. One wonders where they all come from. The contralto with the big voice sang to the delight of her hearers stirring dramatic songs and some moody sentimental ones. Brahms and Strauss were particularly effective in her hands, especially the former's "Feldeinsamkeit."

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## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 170)

whereupon he commissioned those rapid-fire dramatists Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson to make a long play out of it for the stellar use of his wife, Mabel Taliaferro. It must be confessed, however, at the outset that this liberal contribution of gray matter has succeeded only in producing a play of extreme saccharine but innocuous quality, based on a story as old as the proverbial hills. This is not to allege, however, that the piece is not without a certain value, especially as the central rôle presents a charming and youthful personality in a part that combines girlish impulsiveness with dramatic force. Miss Taliaferro—"Nell" no longer—is an actress of nice refinement and finished resource. When to these are added a girlish individuality of real temperamental charm, the effect cannot be other than a satisfying one. She plays Madeleine, whose course of true love did not run smooth, with sweet simplicity and moving grace. The scenery and costumes of Louisiana in the year 1815 secure a series of pictures delightful in their quaintness and picturesque quality. The costumes were designed by Howard Pyle.

**HUDSON.** "THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES." Play in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced Oct. 26, with this cast:

Edward Thursfield, Kyrle Bellew; Arnold Faringay, Eugene O'Brien; Walter Gresham, Frank Connor; Sir Henry Killick, DeWitt C. Jennings; Peter Holland, Ernest Stallard; Dorothy Faringay, Gladys Hanson; Mrs. Debney, Mrs. Wriffen; Miss Closson, Jane May; Minnie, Frances Comstock.

"The Builder of Bridges" is a series of complications, some of them unnecessary, most of them disagreeable, nearly all of them heavy, in which a young thief, in an agony of terror, when his sin is about to find him out, confesses to his sister, who at once sets him about to procure the money to cover the shortage. The young man to whom she is engaged does not take a sympathetic view of the case and is slow in responding to her appeal for funds. She dismisses him with reproaches. He goes off in a huff, without any apparent intention of coming to her brother's rescue. She now turns to that member of the firm of Bridge-builders to whose account her brother has charged the deficit. She lures him, she wins him, she engages herself to him. He is a bachelor. Love is a new experience. Bridgebuilding has occupied his heart, and he has spent years in remote and solitary places, as in Africa, rearing these great marvels of iron structure. His partners are old bachelors. They laugh at him when they hear his avowal that he is in love. But the new passion holds him with a strong grip. He makes a great sacrifice to cover the theft. He is making one of his happy visits to the woman he loves when the other man to whom she had been engaged, bursts into the room, announcing that he had obtained the money needed. That he should make an announcement of such a private nature at the time and place and in the manner he does, is unreasonable even if it is dramatic. It is false-dramatic. That the Bridgebuilder should denounce her for her duplicity and take his departure unsatisfied with her explanation is natural enough, but that he should forgive her when she suddenly appears, unannounced, at night at his bachelor quarters, as he was about to go back to Africa and a still greater solitude than before, is not in the nature of the case. We might take the word of a novelist, who is generally accepted as bond for his characters, for this situation, but in a play the characters must furnish proof of themselves and put up the collateral.

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**BIJOU.** "IDOLS." Play in four acts by Ray Hornimann. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

Hugh Colman, Orlando Daly; Gerard Merriam, Henry J. Carvill; Irene Merriam, Mabel Roebuck; Saunders, Alexander F. Frank; Mr. Harroway, Harold Mead; Mrs. Harroway, Helen Orr Daly; Dr. Fenwick, Jos. K. Whitmore; Counsel for the Prosecution, Samuel F. Klawans; The Judge, Augustus Inglis; The Clerk of Assize, John Prescott; An Usher, William Morran; Police-Constable Rivington, Jos. K. Whitmore; Maid to the Merriams, Imogene Coleman; Anna Josephs, Blanche Weaver; Jacob Hart, Sheldon Lewis; Minna Hart, Leonore Harris.

"Idols" is an expert production of an amateurish dramatization of highly dramatic material. It does not take long after the rise of the curtain for it to manifest itself that the professional touch in the handling of the action lacks firmness. A clear, definite and effective scene is reached, with hesitating steps, only to permit the action to fall again into unsatisfactory development. A young man is

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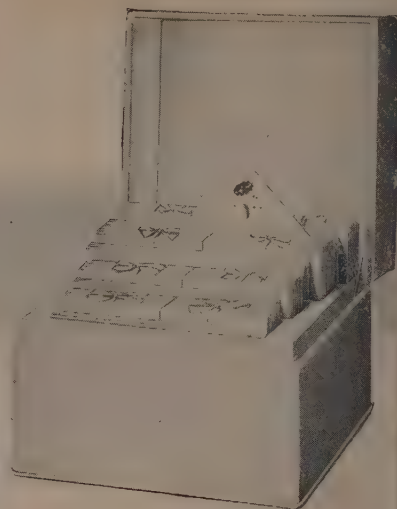
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secretly married to the daughter of a rich money-lender, who holds a note of his for a considerable amount. In an excellently contrived and well acted scene in the second act, the young man, after confessing his inability to pay, asks the old man for the hand of his daughter, which he refuses with scorn. A sullen, drunken servant murders his master. The murder is discovered. The young lover is arrested because his note had not been found in the effects of the old man. The case is about to be given to the jury, with the certainty of a conviction, when the wife of his lawyer, his closest friend, confesses on the stand and under oath that the accused was with her all the night of the murder, during the absence of her husband on a fishing trip. She thus clears him, a former lover, at the sacrifice of her reputation and domestic happiness. But she has lied. Her husband, naturally, is about to cast her off, not believing her explanation or the assurances of his friend who has benefited by the lie, when the secret wife appears and restores serenity by revealing the marriage and the fact that her husband was with her on the night of the murder and could not have been with the other man's wife. She could have said as much on the witness stand, but there she was just as careful to lie, without any visible reason.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE SILVER STAR," Musical play in three acts by Harry B. Smith. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

Professor Alonzo Dingelblatz, George Bickel; Doctor Algernon Hornblower, Harry Watson; Mr. Wiseheimer, Barney Bernard; Ernest Connor, Lee Harrison; Kofitchsky, F. Stanton Heck; Ned Brandon, Mortimer Weldon; Traddles, O. C. Mack; The Colonel, F. H. Stanton; The Sergeant, J. H. Purcell; Mrs. Vera Willing, Emma Janvier; Mary Anne, Nellie McCoy; Rosa, Gene Ormonde; Viola, Mlle. Genée.

Adeline Genée easily holds her position as the première danseuse of the day—notwithstanding the fact that this is a day of classic and poetic *ballets d'action* and of Terpsichorean art revivals generally. There is something about this little flaxen-haired Danish fairy that puts her always in a class by herself, and makes it easy for her managers to exploit her as a special star, with brilliantly satisfactory results to all concerned, including of course an immense public clientele of which any artist might be proud.

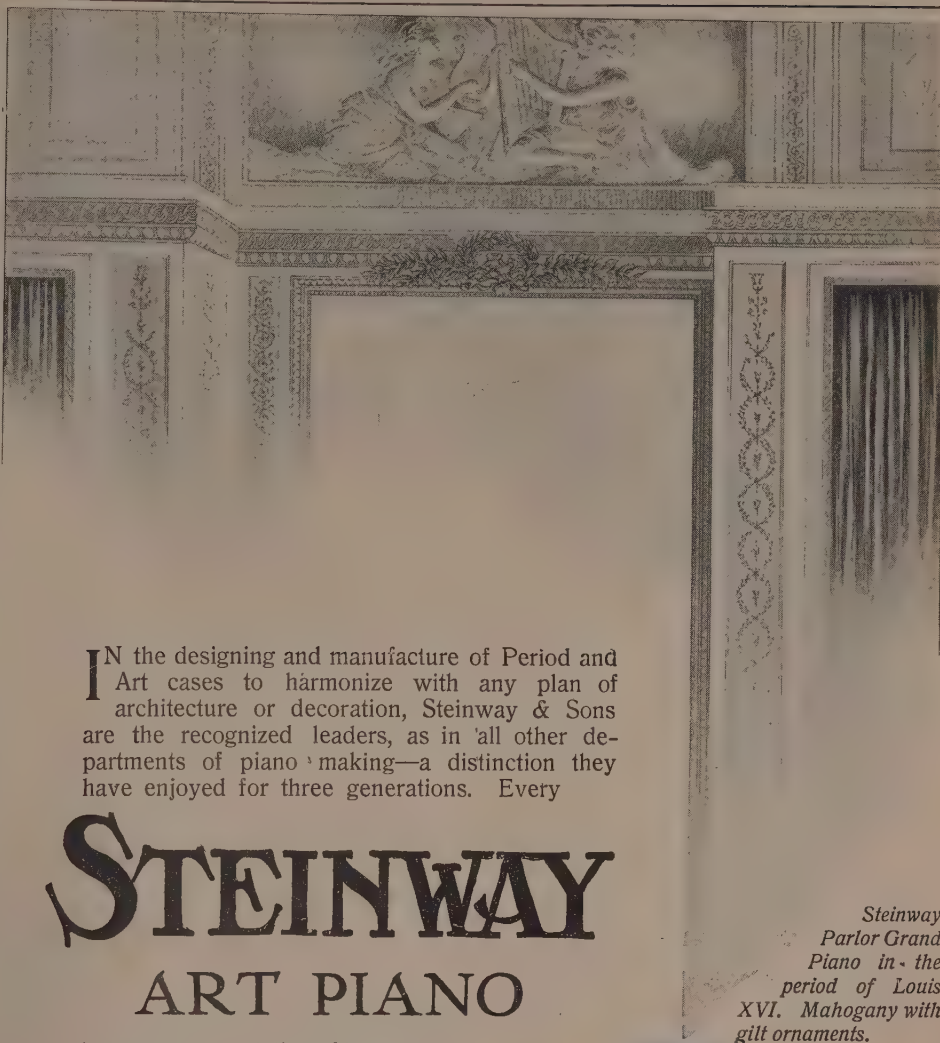
Genée never disappoints. In "The Silver Star," a practicable three-act machine constructed by Harry B. Smith to replace the wornout "Soul Kiss" of season before last, she is a radiant delight. Opinions seem to differ as to whether her first entrance in street dress, and with a few innocuous little lines to speak—which she does with the charming sympathetic voice and accent one might expect—add to the effectiveness of mademoiselle's performance, in the present piece. But, inasmuch as she gives us more and better dancing than ever with the speaking part in as extra measure to help hold the slim plot together, it is hard to see why the innovation should be criticized.

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ASTOR. "SEVEN DAYS." Play in three acts by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. Produced Nov. 10 with this cast:

James Wilson, Herbert Corthell; Dallas Brown, Allan Pollock; Tom Harbison, Carl Eckstrom; Officer Flannigan, Jay Wilson; Tubby McGirk, William Eville; Hobbs, F. C. Butler; Bella Kowles, Hope Latham; Anne Brown, Florence Reed; Kit McNair, Georgia O'Ramey; Aunt Selina, Lucille LaVerne.

In "Seven Days" the farcical idea is a good one and comes from a story written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, which has such an abundance of originality that the tricks drawn from all possible old sources and added to it by presumably the stage-manager do not destroy the farce's merit of newness. The acting is earnest, animated and natural, without a moment of dullness, but with many moments in which the laughter that is gained may be justly described as extortion. Thus, a burglar who is unavoidably detained in the house finds it expedient to haul himself up and down in the dumbwaiter in order to escape a suspicious fat man, who chases it from landing to landing only to find it above him or below him and who never does discover the solution of the mystery. A woman who has confidence in psychic powers commands a table to move, to rise up and come down, the burglar beneath it concealed by the tablecloth accommodating himself to her whims. This same burglar, active enough when in motion to count for two or three burglars, has to conceal himself behind the stove, and when he gets his chance to retire from this trying position he is as wet as a dishrag. This patient, silent, but animated burglar, it will be observed, even from the glimpses that we have given of him (the other people in the action not seeing him at all until a few minutes before the close of the play, when he appears from up a chimney on the roof of the house) is a very important person in this syndicate of funmakers. He is the first person on the



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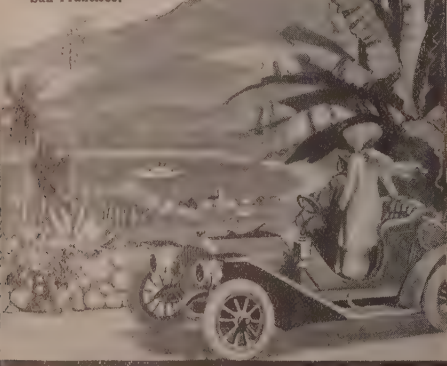
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stage, hiding behind a screen before the lights are turned up, and he is the last. When he tries to escape by carrying the screen with him, the psychic lady witnesses the phenomenon and naturally makes the assertion that she saw the screen move. She was alone when this happened, and when the others return the screen is back in position, at the fireplace. It is proper to observe that she, with her husband, is visiting the studio of their friend, an artist, who is to give them a little supper, and that incidentally her husband has been delegated to prepare the cocktails preliminary to the table. He makes them too strong. Mrs. Brown, in the play and Miss Florence Reed in the performance demonstrate conclusively that strong drink is a mocker. It is not indelicately done. All the actors are full of life and of the spirit of the farce, but Miss Reed distinguishes herself. Her statement that she saw the screen move is attributed to the cocktail, and her husband proceeds to exercise her around the room.

**DALYS.** "THE BELLE OF BRITTANY." Musical play in two acts. Music by Howard Talbot and Marie Horne. Book by Leedham Bantock, P. J. Barron and Percy Greenbank. Produced Nov. 8 with this cast:

Marquis De St. Gautier, Frank Daniels; Raymond De St. Gautier, Frank Rushworth; Comte Victoire De Caserole, Geo. M. Graham; Poquelin, Edward Garvie; Old Jaques, J. Arthur O'Brien; Pierre, Harry Steeves; Bertrand, Hubert Neville; Eugene, Story Chipman; Phillipe, Joseph A. Bingham; Vivien, Jack Laughlin; Baptiste Boubillon, Hassard Short; Toinette, Elsa Ryan; Mlle. Denise De La Vire, Daisy Dumont; Madame Poquelin, Frances Kennedy; Christine, Aline Redmond; Mirette, Eileen Kearney; Postillions to the Marquis, Treacy Elbert.

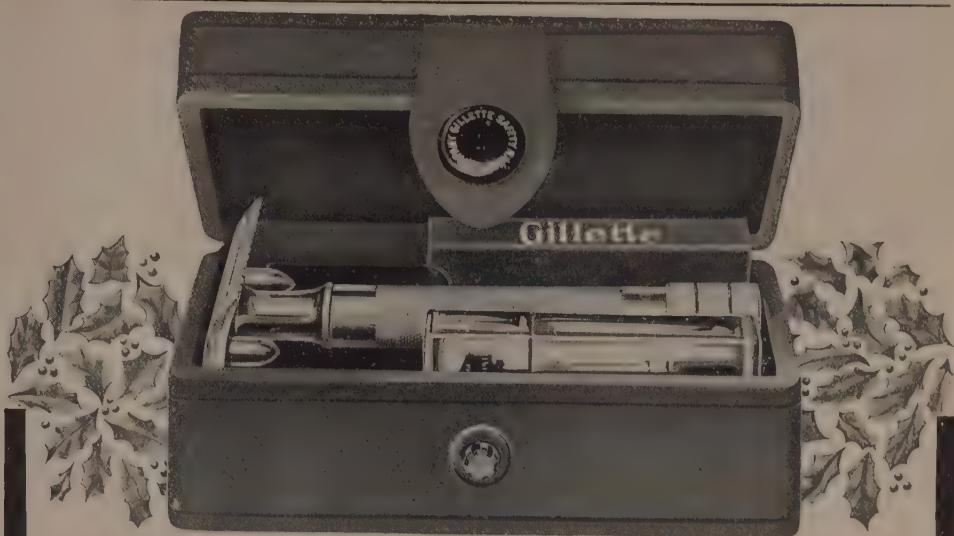
"The Belle of Brittany" is a kind of English cousin to the "Chimes of Normandy," not only in title and locale, but also, in a more distant degree, as to the vivacity of its music. Where the book falls short of its prototype in dramatic vigor and picturesqueness, it is eked out on the comic side by the gnome-like personality of Frank Daniels, who plays a French marquis, the like of whom surely was never extant on sea or land—a marquis with the face and figure of a gargoyle, and the vocabulary of a Sheepshead Bay racetrack sport, who makes a burlesque curtain-speech in the cryptic phraseology of Henry James, accompanied by a fluency of gesture that bursts his waistband. And Mr. Daniels is artist enough still to extract merriment from this ancient bit of business, which has served him throughout a lifetime. He also sings with humorous effect in the voice of a phonograph that has rusted from exposure to damp air at the seaside. The fact that he can do all these things with positively triumphant success fairly entitles him to the large following which is always in evidence when he appears in New York.

The piece is of the familiar London Gaiety type—a dozen songs to one idea, and frequent dances to take the place of incidents, the whole "parted in the middle" into two long acts. It really makes no difference what the story would be about, if there was one—but it calls for two pretty scenes, one outside and the other within a chateau in Brittany. Of the half-dozen collaborators whose names appear on the playbill, the only well-known one is that of Percy Greenbank. You know the kind of lyrics that Mr. Greenbank writes. He takes a dairymaid churning butter for instance, and reels off half-a-dozen punning stanzas about her answers being "pat," needing "a pinch of salt," etc., and there you are. Elsa Ryan, the sprightly singing soubrette, makes the most of this sort of thing, and is ably helped out by Martin Brown and Frank Rushworth. Daisy Dumont is the statuesque beauty of the aggregation, and Edward Garvie is the indispensable jolly miller. Frances Kennedy and Winnie O'Connor also come in for well-deserved vocal honors.

**MAJESTIC.** "TWO WOMEN AND THAT MAN." Play in four acts by Henry D. Carey. Produced Oct. 18 with this cast:

Father Jean, Edwin Caldwell; "Tagish Jim," Frederick Seaton; Kate McLain, Lucy Milliken; Dave Kirke, Hector Dion; Francois Leclere, Joseph Harris; Neil McLain, Henry D. Carey; "Rainbow" Rawlins, Louis Thiel; Sam Mixer, Russell Simpson; Alaska, Fern Foster; "Ole Kintuck," Ford Fenimore.

"Two Women and That Man," is the cumbrous title that helps to obscure the rough-hewn merits of a four-act Klondyke melodrama written by Henry D. Carey, and in which the author plays the part of "That Man," otherwise Neil McLain, a matrimonially-hoodooed Son of the North. The Two Women are, (1) Neil's wife, Kate, a former dance-house inmate, who ran away after a few months of married life, and is supposed to have been drowned; and (2) Alaska, the young daughter of Sam Mixer, the store-keeper, etc., of Caribou Run, Alaska, despite the well-founded objections of her father is more than willing to take her chances and become the second Mrs. Neil McLain, even if it be necessary to do a sixty-mile journey on the dog-sledge in a blizzard, to get to the marrying parson of that benighted region. At this most inopportune moment, Kate turns up.



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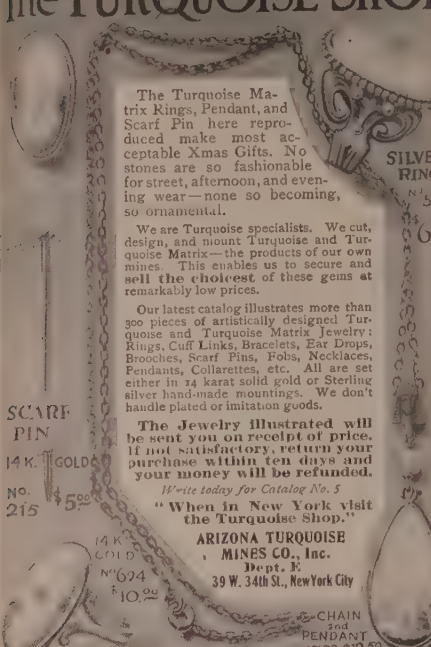
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The story of her death was a canard, and now she wants to resume with Neil where they left off two years ago. For obvious reasons he spurns this proposition. The unhappy woman kills herself, and Neil is in danger of being lynched, or something like that for her murder. At this point, Alaska, having gotten over her first fit of fury at the supposed duplicity of her lover, comes back to save him. She does the trick by finding Tagish Jim, a Chilkat Indian guide, who testifies in his native lingo, not only that he saw poor Kate kill herself, but also that Dave Kirke, the fur-clad villain, hired him to assist in the plot two years ago to steal the woman away from Neil. A fight to the death between Neil and Kirke ends the villain's career, and brings down the final curtain on this swiftly-moving melodrama, which, enlivened as it is with the comic starvation of Louis Thiel, and Joseph Harris's French half-breed who punctuates every sentence with "By gar!" ought to enjoy a prosperous career almost anywhere east of Broadway.

**MAJESTIC.** "MR. LODE OF KOAL." Play in three acts. Book and lyrics by J. A. Shipp and Alex. Rogers. Music by J. Rosamond Johnson and Bert A. Williams. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

Chester A. Lode, Bert A. Williams; Buggsy, Alex. Rogers; Gimlet, Tom Brown; Gluten, Siren Navarro; Buttram, J. Leubrie Hill; Weedhead, Charles H. Moore; "Can," Henry Troy; Singlink, Chas. McKenzie; "Sarg," J. E. Lightfoot; First "Lieut," Sterling Rex; Second "Lieut," J. M. Thomas; Third "Lieut," Clarence Redd; Blootch, Matt Housley; Woosy, Hattie McIntosh; Whirlina, Siren Navarro; Mysteria, Lottie Grady; A. Saylor, Ada Banks; Hoopa, Hattie Hopkins; Kinkles, Georgia Gomez.

There is no "color line" in art; and when it comes to music lightened up with native comedy, the un-bleached American has rather the advantage in being the "real goods," as distinguished from his pale-faced fellow citizen who makes up with burnt cork and sings imitation coon songs in a weird Bowery tar-brush dialect that would never pass muster south of Mason and Dixon's line. Messrs. Williams and Walker have established their names as an invincible trade-mark for the chocolate-cream confections of the theatrical stage. Associated with the popularity of these two colored comedians is Mr. J. Rosamond Johnson, an Afro-American musical composer of marked talent and scholastic cultivation. This season the name of Bert Williams appears in solitary state on the playbill as the "Big Smoke" of a three-act musical nondescript entitled, "Mr. Lode of Koal." There are a dozen or more lyrical numbers, by Rosamond Johnson, which in conjunction with William's artistic dancing and the unpremeditated funnyisms he simply can't help, make the show fairly worth while. The sable star has one good song, with the refrain, "Believe Me"—a hard-luck story in linked droleries, long-drawn-out, after the manner of that memorable classic, "Nobody." The quartet, "By-gone Days in Dixie," the song-and-dance "In Far-off Mandalay," and the "Lost Dreams" melody sung in the luscious contralto of Georgia Gomez, were the only other notable features of a production which might have won more substantial success at the Majestic Theatre, had there been sane humor and an adequate framework of a play behind it, instead of a dreary hodge-podge which the swarthy comedians seemed to be making up as they went along.

**BIJOU.** "THE DEBTORS." Comedy by Margaret Mayo, from the German of Fritz von Schoenhan. Produced Oct. 12 with cast:

William Dorritt, Digby Bell; Amy, Kathleen Clifford; Fanny, Della Knight; Tip, Francis Fay; Prince Henry Edward, Percy Waram; Sir Arthur Glenham, Courtenay Foote; Lord Kilgour, Paul Scardon; Nandy, Paul Scardon; Chivery, St. Clair Bayfield; John Chivery, Edward H. Kelly; Forsby, F. Percival; Stevens, Fledgling, Arthur de Bransky; Dr. Crossley, W. George Bennett; Bobbie, Glen Thomas; Dick, Willie Ross; Mary, Frances Ross; Tite, Frederick Powell; Joseph, a servant, George Arthur.

Dickens's novels, considered as stage material, are curiously baffling and contradictory. They are so rich in picturesque types and characters, that the task of making plays out of them might seem a sinecure; yet these same characters are strung upon such vague, rambling, long-drawn-out and disconnected story-plots, that in the practical sense of the theatre there is scarcely any progressive action leading up to the indispensable climax and denouement. For this reason, all attempts to "dramatize" Dickens have relatively failed. English-speaking playwrights revere the master too much to tamper with him. It has remained for a German comic dramatist of reputation and skill, Fritz von Schoenhan, to strike a moderately effective balance by taking a group of Dickens characters, under their own familiar names, and in their habitat as all readers know them, and working them into a practicable scenario, derived more or less directly, of course, from the original. The novel so treated is "Little Dorrit," and the American adaptation of the Von Schoenhan piece "The Debtors," at the Bijou was rather an agreeable surprise.

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## Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

Elizabeth Starr—Q.—Have you published pictures of either George Damerall or Mabel Wilber? A.—We have not.

Devoted Reader, Hartford.—Q.—In what numbers have appeared portraits of Eugene O'Brien? A.—In our July, 1909, number appears a portrait of Eugene O'Brien.

A. Fritz, Cal.—Q.—What is the best time of the year to secure a position in a dramatic company in New York? A.—Theatrical companies for the new season are formed the latter part of the summer or early in the Fall. July and August are the best months to seek such an engagement.

M. M. Inogue.—Q.—What have you published regarding Geraldine Farrar? A.—In our January, 1907, number appeared an interview with Miss Farrar, and in the following numbers appeared portraits: November, 1905, November, 1906, January and December, 1907, November and December, 1908.

E. L.—Q.—Is Doro Marie Doro's correct name? A.—Miss Doro's real name is Rogers. She made her first appearance with the Criterion Stock Company at St. Paul, Minn., in 1901. In 1902 she was seen in "The Billionaire," after which she joined "A Runaway Girl" and "The Circus Girl," musical companies. Following this she came under the management of Charles Frohman, playing in "The Girl from Kay's," "Little Mary" and "The Admirable Crichton." She originated the title rôle in "Frique" in 1905, and in 1907 made her first appearance as a star in "The Morals of Marcus." Q.—Please tell me something of Mary Boland's career. A.—Born in Detroit, Mich., she made her début in that city in 1901 with the Pike Stock Company. The next few years were spent in stock work until she became leading woman for Robert Edison. She remained with Mr. Edison for two years, playing an engagement in London. Then she appeared with Dustin Farnum in "The Ranger," in "When Knights Were Bold," in "Jack Straw" and in "Inconstant George."

J. L. J.—Q.—In what numbers have you published portraits of Douglas Fairbanks? A.—In April, 1904, and September and November, 1908. Q.—Where may these numbers be purchased? A.—From Meyer Bros., 26 West Thirty-third Street, the publishers.

H. B. P.—Q.—When was A. W. Piner's "The Amazons" first acted in America, and where? A.—February 19, 1894, at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Q.—Kindly give the cast of this production. A.—Barrington, Herbert Kelcey; Rev. Roger Minchin, Charles Walcott; André, Fritz Williams; Galfred, Ferd. Gottschalk; Pitton, J. Tarleton; Oris, Robert Weed; Youatt, Howard Morgan; Lady Noeline, Belturbet, Georgia Cayvani; Lady Wilhelmina, Belturbet, Katherine Florence; Lady Thomasin, Belturbet, Bessie Tyree; Miriam, Mrs. Charles Walcott; "Sergeant" Shuter, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen. Q.—Do you publish scenes from amateur theatricals? A.—Sometimes.

M. D. Carr, Chicago.—Q.—Give a short account of William Courtenay's stage career. A.—He was born in Worcester, Mass., and made his stage début at sixteen. In 1896-7 he appeared with Mansfield in Shakespearean rôles, then joined Daniel Frohman's stock company, and in 1902 made his début as leading man, appearing with Virginia Harned. He returned to stock for a short time, and later was seen in "Mrs. Gertrude's Boots" at the Lyceum, and in a revival of "Trilby" at the New Amsterdam, then followed many other appearances in different rôles until in 1902-5 he headed his own stock company at Albany, New York. He is now appearing in "Arsene Lupin" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Q.—In what numbers have you published portraits of Mr. Courtenay? A.—In June, 1904.

J. M. B., Chicago.—Q.—Can you tell me something about Lina Abarbanell's life? A.—A Portuguese by birth, she is the daughter of Paul Abarbanell, a well-known grand opera conductor of Berlin. She began her stage career at the age of six, and appeared with success in all the larger European cities before she established herself as a favorite at the German Theatre in Irving Place, New York. After this, she appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House in "Hänsel and Gretel."

A Reader.—Q.—In what numbers have you published pictures of Mrs. Leslie Carter in private dress, in "Zaza" and in "Du Barry"? A.—In the following numbers have appeared portraits of Mrs. Leslie Carter in private dress, in September 1909, February and September 1907, November 1905, July 1904, March 1903 and January and October 1902. She appears in scenes from "Du Barry" in our February, May and September 1902 numbers. Q.—In what will she be seen this season? A.—She is now touring in Edward Peple's play "Vesta Herne." Q.—In what number did you review "Anna Karenina"? A.—In October 1907.

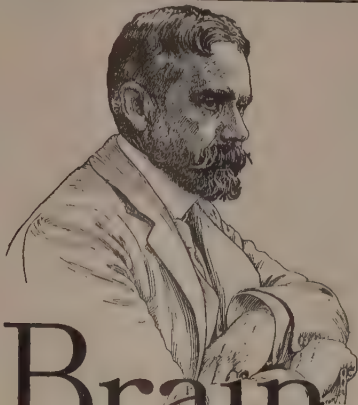
P. D.—Q.—Kindly give me a short account of the career of Donald Brian. A.—He made his stage début in 1897 in a play entitled "The Shannon of the Sixth," was next seen in "On the Wabash," then in "The New Boy" and "A Battle-Scarred Hero." He created the rôle of Tom Schuyler in "The Chaperons" and then came his New York stage début in "The Supper Club." In 1904 he played the title rôle in "Myles Kruhn" and afterwards joined George M. Cohan's forces appearing in "Little Johnny Jones," "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway" and "Fifty Miles From Boston." His next success was as the Prince in "The Merry Widow," which was followed by his appearance in "The Dollar Princess."

J. E. G., Delafield, Wis.—Mrs. Leslie Carter herself manages her theatrical enterprises.

J. H. K., Phila.—Q.—In what is Jack Barrymore playing? A.—In "The Fortune Hunter" at the Gaiety Theatre, New York. Q.—In what is Donald Brian appearing? A.—In "The Dollar Princess" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

P. S. R., N. A. Bldg., Phila.—Q.—Can you name a list of plays that Lotta Faust has appeared in? A.—Miss Faust has been seen in the following plays: "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Man and the Moon, Jr.," "The Casino Girl," "The Belle of Bohemia," "The Liberty Belles," "The Defender," "The Wizard of Oz," "Wonderful," "Twiddle Twaddle," "The White Hen," "The Girl Behind the Counter," "The Mimic World" and "The Midnight Sons." Q.—Can you tell me where she was born? A.—In Brooklyn, New York.

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### Facts Worth Knowing

Women who like a high polish to their nails should make use of the new liquid nail polish rather than constantly employ the buffer. For the excessive use of the latter makes the nails thin and brittle, while the liquid polish not only attains the desired result of great brilliancy but also preserves the cuticle about the nails, and after a few weeks' use does away with the annoying hang nails. No dentist would recommend constant polishing to the teeth, because of the injury to the enamel, and the nails are just as delicate as the teeth, only the majority of manicures have not learned this fact.

For tired, nervous feet there is an excellent tonic that is easy of application, and which in a few moments gives relief to the sufferer. You may laugh at the idea of nervous feet, nevertheless it is a fact that the symptoms of an upset nervous system are sometimes first evident in the feet. This soothing and cooling lotion is applied to the feet by means of a moderate-sized camel's hair brush, and almost instantly the good effects are felt. One busy woman tells me that when she reaches home before dinner the first thing she does is to take off her shoes and stockings and apply this excellent lotion, and after it has dried she slips on fresh stockings. "It makes a different woman of me; then I am ready to enter into the evening's amusements with fresh zest." It will be found invaluable by those who dance much, or go in for other violent forms of physical exercise, as well as by those who suffer from gout or other forms of uric acid.

Something new in jewelry is always interesting to women, so I am sure that the new turquoise marquise ring will be one that smart women will soon adopt. This is the invention of a clever and exclusive jeweler. The stone is fully an inch and a half long, but it is so arranged in the elegant setting that it can easily be worn beneath the glove, and in no wise interferes with the movement of the hand or finger, whether the glove be on or not. I am not going to give away the plan of this setting in print, because it might so soon be copied by other jewelers if I did so, but I will be glad to send you word privately as to where you can buy this stunning new ring as well as many other desirable articles of turquoise jewelry. The turquoise is a lucky stone not only for those born in a certain month, but for every wearer of a turquoise, for according to an old Parisian proverb the wearer of a turquoise will always be prosperous and will never lack a friend.

Petticoats or no petticoats is the question of paramount importance. Whether American women will generally adopt the French style of going without this article of attire is open to debate. Certainly there are many followers of this fad, is well evidenced by the fact that a new undergarment has been brought out here as well as in Paris that entirely does away with the necessity of wearing a petticoat of any description even in the coldest weather.

It answers admirably to the prevailing fashions with regard to outer garments, which are so closely moulded to the normal figure lines. One must do away with all fullness about the waistline and hips, and even to the knees, to wear many of the new costumes and even tailored suits.

Some of the leading Parisian dressmakers show this new combination undergarment in soft Italian and China silk as well as in the daintiest of lingerie effects. It is invariably trimmed about the bust in flat styles, either with fine lace or embroidery. Then it is so beautifully cut and adjusted over the hips that it preserves the smooth outlines thereof, even under the cloth or velvet gown.

Women who have already adopted it in this country are enthusiastic not only over its perfection from the fashion standpoint, but for its hygienic value, and it allows the utmost freedom and grace of movement when walking and dancing. Indeed, women who walk much, and those who are fond of athletic exercises and sports, wear the new undergarment exclusively. To quote the words of the head saleswoman in one of the Paris establishments, "There is absolutely no weight to the garment, it does away with any extra fullness about the waistline and hips, an attribute much to be desired at present, and it adjusts itself to the figure so well that it is altogether admirable for the new fashions."

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# Mary Mannering's New Frocks

*With Comments on Recent Stage Costumes*

"I have come to Paris just to buy clothes. For some years now, I have played parts which gave me no opportunity for dressing in modern, up-to-date gowns, that I am determined to find a new play in which I can wear the stunning gowns that Martial and Armand are making for me now," said Mary Mannering the day I met her in Paris. But the star may be resolved to do a thing, and fate, in the guise of the manager and playwright, steps in to intervene.

Miss Mannering has some original ideas about gowns, and she is clever enough to seek the co-operation of a couturière, renowned for the creation of artistic fashions.

"I have taken the idea for the colors in most of my evening gowns from flowers and gems. The gorgeous coloring of the Chinese lily with its reflection of rose and brilliant yellow is the basis for one gown. Then there is one that is all in amethyst hues. I love color, and the French people certainly know how to combine the different colors and shades in the most effective manner. Perhaps you would like to go with me when I have my last fitting, and I certainly would enjoy having you."

Such an opportunity was too good to be missed, so despite the many engagements that filled my last days in Paris, I kept the appointment. As the clock struck four, one sunny afternoon, I entered the spacious salons in the Place Vendôme, where Martial and Armand were so happily displaying their charming models to a clientele made up of some of the prettiest and most charming of the young actresses of the French stage, as well as many women of high society. They make a special feature of fashions for young women, and most admirably do they succeed.

Contrary to the custom of some stage beauties, Miss Mannering came promptly to meet her engagement, and for the fitting we were ushered into a salon that in days of yore witnessed assemblies

of historic interest. "When we are through here we will go across to the Ritz for a cup of tea," said Miss Mannering, as the first gown was being adjusted.

Little she realized the time it would take for the fitting of nine gowns. Each one had to be arranged by the skirt and bodice fitters, then it had to undergo a critical inspection from the saleswoman and the head of the establishment, and in some cases even the designers had to be called in to the consultation.

If some slight change was suggested by Miss Mannering, the attendants quickly saw whether it was good or not, and what other changes must follow its acceptance. Work! I never saw people work harder in my life, and always with an enthusiasm that was contagious. Then, too, Miss Mannering was so justly appreciative of the results that as one of them said to me:

"But, yes, madame, one could not help becoming enthusiastic when one has such a discriminating client. Would that all women were like her, and then the costumes would always be successful. Think of it, madame has been standing now for three hours and a half, and yet she has not complained once, has not even said she was fatigued, but is asking, 'if we are not!'" And truly this was so, for instead of the contemplated tea, I barely had time to reach my hotel for the eight o'clock dinner.

But the gowns, you will say. Well, there was the little blue serge combined with black satin, of which I have already given you a description. This use of the rough-woven serge, with a material of a more dressy appearance, is quite new, and growing in favor as the season advances. For I have just received a letter from a friend in England, who tells me that at the Doncaster race meeting, the beautiful American, Mrs. Chauncey, created a great sensation when she appeared in a short, blue serge dress with a



Photo Felix

Stunning coat of crow's blue crêpe cloth heavily embroidered in the same shade, and with collar and cuffs of chinchilla. Worn by Madame Andrée Mégard in "Suzette." Creation of Redfern, Paris





Photo Felix  
Handsome evening gown of yellow broché silk with tunic of embroidered lace, showing the tendency to flowing drapery. Made by Zimmermann, Paris

tunic of black chiffon that was crossed in surplice effect, and came well down over the wide side plaits.

"This I intend for my rehearsal gown," said Miss Mannering, while the blue serge was being tried on. "So make the skirt rather short, just enough to clear the ground nicely." But though while it was in process of construction, the charming actress thought it would never be seen across the footlights, it is after all to be one of her stage dresses, because when the new play "Kiddie" was finally selected, the smart little serge costume was found to be most appropriate for one act. I predict that all the young girls will be copying this so soon as it is seen on the metropolitan stage. For while it is of marked originality, the whole appearance is so simple that it is usually attractive.

Next to make its appearance was a stunning green silk warp henrietta combined with black panne velvet. This, too, was most simple and elegant, and the way the materials were combined was unique. The upper part of the corsage and the sleeves were of the black panne, laid across the shoulders very smooth and flat. The lower part of the bodice was of the green silk warp henrietta—and let me say here, that silk warp henrietta is a favorite material with the Parisiennes this season—as was the upper part of the skirt, the lower part being of the panne. The panne was laid on the henrietta by means of deep tongues or arches, that were some six inches across and a trifle deeper on the skirt. The same forms outlined the panne yoke, but were somewhat smaller. This costume touched the floor a trifle all around.

"You will laugh," said Miss Mannering, "when I tell you that

I have ordered two gowns exactly alike, except for the color. One I shall use for the stage, the other for home. Here they are. You see, when I like a style, I like it immensely, and when I find one that I think unusually becoming, I see no reason why it should not be duplicated in another color."

They truly were delightful gowns, made of a soft wool satin, one in terra cotta, the other in turquoise blue. A smoke gray chiffon tunic veiled the satin to half way below the knees. This was laid in quarter-inch hand-run tucks from the shoulders to below the hips, so that the outline of the figure was well indicated, and each tuck was embellished with a tiny stripe of gray velvet ribbon. This tunic parted a bit, just above the knees in front, while in the back it did not meet below the waistline. The bottom was finished with an eight-inch hem of the chiffon, through which was run a wide velvet band of the same shade of gray, which finished in the center-front with two stiff velvet loops.

The sleeves were bell-shaped affairs of the gray chiffon, that finished below the elbow with deep revers of gray velvet, the undersleeve of the colored satin reaching to the hand. There were the same little velvet revers at the neck where the satin was cut away to admit of a shallow yoke and high stock collar of lace.

"With both of these gowns I shall wear my new Augustine turban. Of course, you have heard of her. She is the new milliner on the Rue des Capucines that every one is talking about. This



Photo Felix  
Black supple velvet is the material of which this smart evening gown is composed. Midnight blue beaded net is used for the corsage, which is beautifully embroidered with jet chrysanthemums. Made by Martial and Armand, Paris



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is her first season, and I am told that she has been immensely successful. Her hats and turbans certainly are most stunning. One of my friends urged me to go there, and while I was delighted with the hats, you can imagine how more than pleased I was when she told me that not only would she create a special turban for me, but should call it the "Mary Mannering turban." It is of long haired, dark brown fur with a couple of tails hanging down at one side, almost to the shoulder, and a huge rose pinned at the left side of the front. I am sure you will say that it is immensely becoming, even though it does come away down over my head, and almost covers the ears.

"Another very smart little turban, I got from Augustine is of draped beaver, with just a touch of velvet about the edge. It is very simple, and in its very simplicity lies that last note of style. It has the quaintest little poke up in the center front that is immensely becoming and so chic. No wonder that all the women have gone wild about Augustine models. My only regret is that I had already bought so many hats, that I had neither room in my trunks or money in my pocket book for more. I am sure that when you see the Augustine collection, you will be just as enthusiastic as I am."

The next day I visited the establishment of Madame Augustine, and found that everything told me was more than true. Her salons are decorated with unusual taste, all the furnishings, even to the odd electric light fixtures in the form of ostrich plumes, having been designed by the head of the house. And then what



Photo Bert

Reception gown of tilleul moiré glacé with an embroidered net cuirass in the same shade, and with wide chignon scarf drapery caught at one side. Worn by Mlle. Yma of the Folies-Bergères. Made by the Maison Vagancy, Paris



Photo Reutlinger

Attractive evening gown of jetted net over a fitted black satin princess slip, the semi-fitting tunic held in place by magnificent cut jet ornaments. Made by Badin, Paris

an endless array of charming hats. There were exquisite combinations of color, as, for example, rather a bright shade of long-haired blue felt trimmed with mustard-colored mercury wings that was altogether an ideal hat for the smart tailored suit. Big hats with brims of beautiful waving outlines were there in profusion. Prices? Well, prices in Paris for smart millinery are really very little cheaper than they are in New York. Of course, if you are only seeking head covering you can find it for a song, but if you are seeking the up-to-the-minute styles then you must be prepared to pay the price, and thirty dollars is really reasonable for a simple tailored hat that will be as fashionable at the end of the season as it was at the beginning, which is an essential quality of Augustine creations.

One of the loveliest of Miss Mannering's evening gowns produced all the glow and glory of an amethyst of the first water. It was strange how this effect had been procured, for the foundation of the costume was a plain soft lavender silk of lustrous finish, over which was hung a delicate pink chiffon veil, and again over this was draped a dull blue chiffon, which resulted in producing all the fire of the gem. The gown was embellished with embroideries in



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Photo Felix

Visiting gown of black gauze ninon over a black velvet skirt bordered with skunk. The lower edge of the gauze is embellished with openwork embroidery, while the fullness is adjusted to the hips by means of a deep shirred yoke. The corsage and sleeves are ornamented with large embroidered motifs in indigo blue. Made by Lafferriere, Paris, dressmaker to the Courts of England and Spain

which were mingled the jewels, and the effect was altogether so beautiful and satisfying as to more than justify the charming actress's encomiums thereon.

The last costume to be tried on was a perfectly plain white satin princess slip over which was to be draped colored chiffon. For this we were shown to the evening room, where movable mirrors hung with electric lights at both top and bottom gave the effect of a mimic stage. Great rolls of many colored chiffons were there, and the effect of different color combinations were tried one after the other, until finally the designer was notified that her presence was required. And she came just as eager and interested as though the hour for closing had not long past. To her Miss Mannering said:

"My idea for this gown is that it shall be like some beautiful Chinese flower radiant with the exotic colorings of the East. Can't you see it? Something gorgeous in yellow and rose that nearly approaches red."

"This is not what you want, nor this, nor this," replied the designer, as she tossed aside first one and then another of the chiffon rolls. "Give me that yellow; there, that is good; it pleases you,

does it not, madame? Now the rose color. No, not that, you have another, I have seen it. Go fetch it."

And in an instant the right shade was there. Then nimble fingers draped and pinned until, presto, there seemed to be the completed gown.

"Perfect, perfect, you have my idea exactly. It is just what I have dreamed of. Now we must have topaz embroideries for it. You will know just where to put them. Not too heavy, but just enough. You will send all the costumes completed to me in London next Thursday?"

"Without fail, madame, for we shall send your saleswoman over specially with them, and then you can try them on while she is there, so that we may know that everything is satisfactory." Nor did they lose anything by being thus accommodating, for so satisfied was the fair customer that she ordered a duplicate of the Chinese flower gown made all in white and only relieved by embroideries of amethyst.

For those who appreciate artistic stage coloring there is no more satisfying spectacle on the metropolitan stage than is to be seen in Mr. Faversham's production of "Herod." From the moment the curtain rises on the first act until its final fall there is not an instant when the colors do not harmonize. It is really a wonderful production, and one that is well worth studying. Of course, it is



Photo Felix

Grecian evening gown of broché silk interwoven with gold threads. The tunic of mousseline de soie is bordered with a narrow band of sable. Made by Henry & Co., 34 Rue Taitbout, Paris



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Louis XVI hat of black velvet ornamented with a magnificent bird of Paradise in the natural colors. Made by Eliane, Paris

utterly outside the realm of modern fashions, but the reproduction of eastern costumes of different nations is exact, and it is truly marvelous the way the brilliant colors in individual costumes are made to harmonize. Even more wonderful is the fact that in the hundred or more costumes on the scene at one time not one cries out against the other, but all melt into an harmonious whole with those of the principal characters standing out in their right proportions. One must go back to the productions of Sir Henry Irving to find anything approaching in the artistic value of color in stage settings that is at present being shown in "Herod."

"Inconstant George" is one of those society plays that serves well to set off the new fashions, and for which Charles Frohman spared no expense to procure. There are a dozen good afternoons and evenings in this production with three or four wraps that are flawless both as to fashion and fit. They bear the stamp of expert selection, and when it is known that they were made by Lord & Taylor, it can be readily assumed that no word of praise is too extravagant to be used for them.

In short, the woman who wants to see the best of the prevailing modes should not fail to see this play. Any one of the costumes might happily be copied outright for private use, or details from all could be combined to make an original gown.

The colors are quite as attractive as the costumes, and there is a splendid exposition of the new drapery and trimming ideas, each of which is applied with rare judgment and good taste.

Mary Boland has only one chance to wear a really smart gown, and this dainty little evening frock is such as would delight the heart of any débutante. Miss Desmond Kelly carries off the honors for graceful carriage. So elegant and impressive is she that the spectator really imagines that she is the best dressed woman in the play, but while her gowns and wraps are lovely the others are

say seemingly, because such a carriage on the stage comes not alone from natural aptitude but also from long and arduous training.

The big spotted black veil comes in for some severe animadversions at the hands of the playwright, but as this is the style of veil that is now worn both here and in Paris by all the really smart women, it is safe to say that these sarcastic remarks will fail of any effect. The fact is that while to some extent the big spotted veil does act as a mask, it is such a becoming one that after once wearing it few women will discard it at the instance of mere man, unless he happens to be the one who holds the purse strings.

Madame Andrée Mégard's costumes always attract attention in Paris, and in the new play, "Suzette," they are heralded as the last word of style both as regards cut and fabric. One of these costumes by Redfern is among our illustrations. The gown and coat are of the same material, embroidered in silk of the same tone. In the first act Madame Mégard wears a tailored costume consisting of princess dress and a coat which comes a trifle below the knees, made of an exquisite shade of plum Salome silk. There is a long shawl collar with square corners that is lightly ornamented with soutache braid embroidery, as are the long regulation coat sleeves from beneath which peep wide lace ruffles that fall over the hands to the knuckles.

I was shown the other day some stunning golf and tennis costumes made of black and white and blue-striped Viyella flannel that are just being made for one of the smart society girls for wear at Aikon next month. These are in two pieces, though they simulate the princess gown in effect, and there are three blouses to each skirt, so that a fresh one is always at hand.



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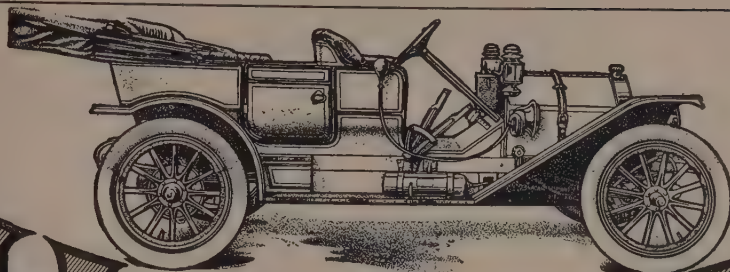
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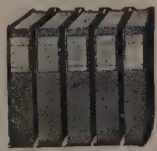
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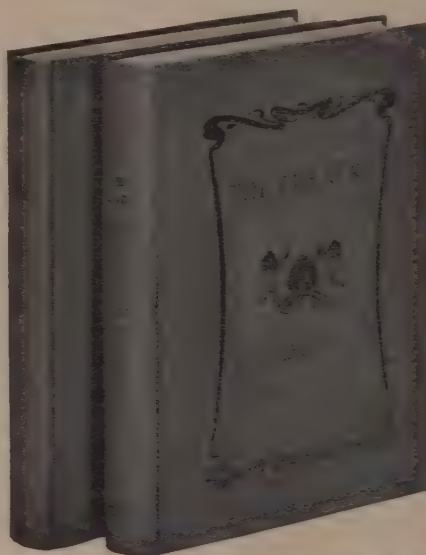
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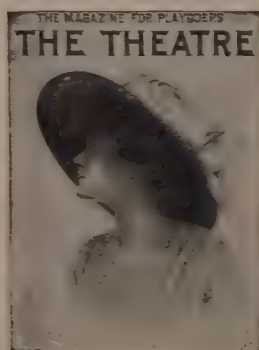
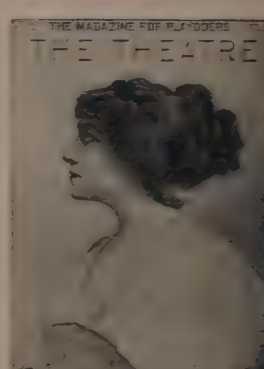
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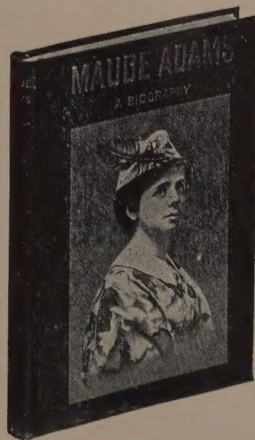
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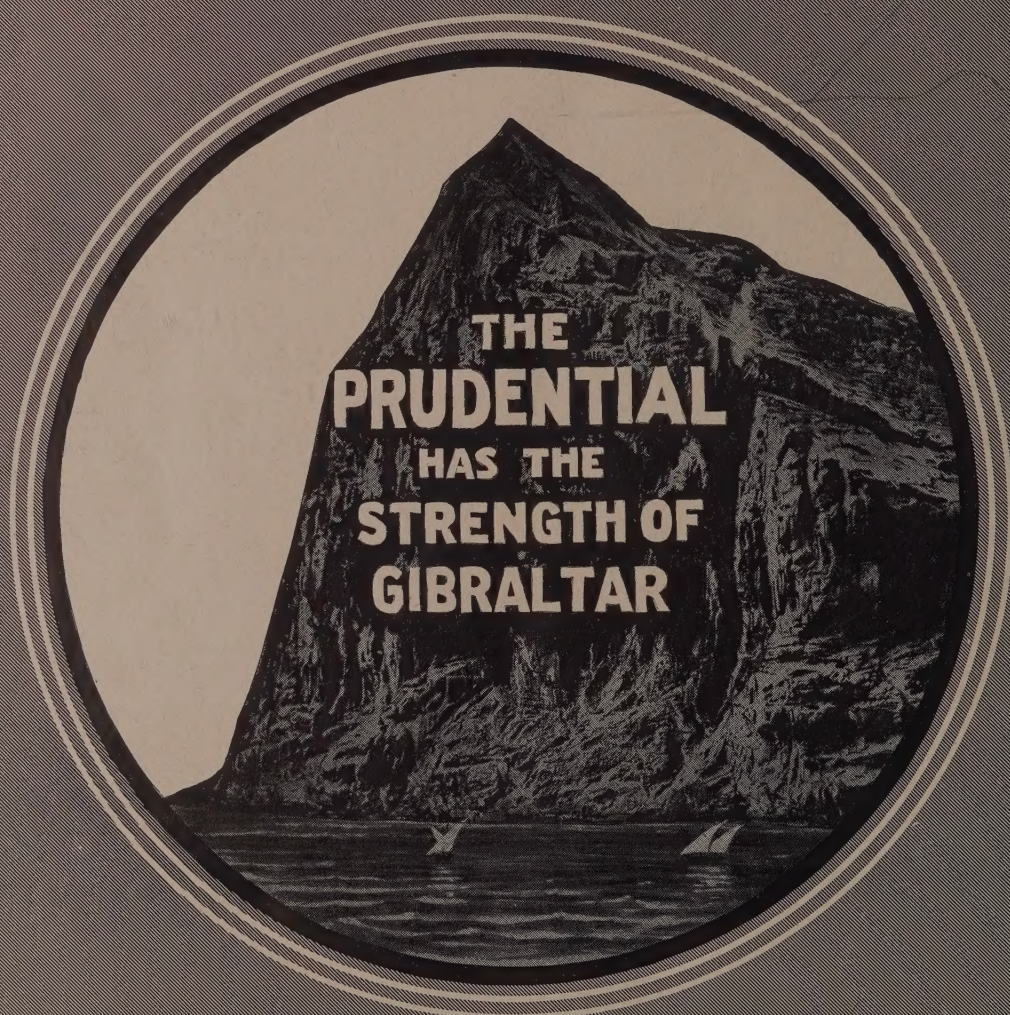
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